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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

The Editor of the LIVING AGE *is leaving for South America in order to make a brief but comprehensive survey of political and social conditions in that continent at the time of the Pan-American Congress. During the weeks of his absence, Lieutenant-Commander Edward Breck, U.S.N.R., will take his place.*

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WAR-STRICKEN FARMERS

POST-WAR convalescence proves as painful for the British farmer of today as it did for his forefathers when Byron wrote 'The Age of Bronze.' Indeed, he is in worse distress than the farmers of our own West, who are so vigorously demanding legislative remedies for what is virtually a universal ill. Prices of agricultural products have fallen in Great Britain much faster than the cost of living and the wages of rural labor. In 1921, the greatest losses were suffered by graziers and dairy farmers. Last year the weight of the depreciation was shifted to the shoulders of grain and vegetable farmers. The cost of producing wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, and root crops in Great Britain is out of all proportion to their market price.

British farmers, like those of our own country, protest that they do not receive a fair proportion of the ultimate price of their crops. They point out that the year before the war, when wheat was thirty-four shillings a quarter, bread cost four and one half pence a loaf, while this year, with wheat thirty-eight shillings a quarter — or but little higher than in 1914 — the loaf is fully double in price, selling at present for nine pence.

Similar conditions exist in the Antipodes. Owing to the fall in the price of rice and other agricultural products, the farmers of Japan are in financial distress, and agricultural villages are being deserted. Political parties have taken alarm; some advocate reducing taxes on farms one fifth, others favor transferring the proceeds of the whole land-tax, which now goes into the Imperial Treasury, to the local government.

In both England and Japan, the tenant farmer is a relatively more important factor in the situation than in America. Rents disputes are one of the most disturbing features of the present agitation in Japan, for they seem to mark the beginning of a class struggle in the rural districts similar to the class struggle between the industrial proletariat and industrial capital in the cities. Not long ago the tenants of a Japanese village ordered their school children to go on strike, because the

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teachers had sent them to the home of a prominent landowner to express sympathy for the death of a member of his family. Peasant women are reported to be more bitter and violent than the men in controversies with their landlords. Tenant delegations have begun to knock at the doors of the Diet, demanding an opportunity to present their grievances directly to Parliament. More than four hundred representatives of Japanese farmers' unions convened in Tokyo last January to draft a united programme to present to the Government.

In Japan, as in Western countries, the disparity between industrial wages and agricultural earnings is a source of profound discontent. An unskilled worker can easily earn the equivalent of seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half a day in American currency, working in a factory for eight or ten hours, while the farmer, who usually labors from sun to sun, seldom earns more than fifty cents a day. The fact that the farmer has many set-offs against the higher wages of the industrial worker does not seem to count in the psychology of the problem.

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CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA

Reports concerning agricultural and industrial conditions in Russia are contradictory, but those from the best-informed and authoritative sources continue pessimistic. It is impossible to generalize regarding a country as vast as the territory now controlled by the Federated Soviet Republic. Areas as large as the western states of America have normal crops, and are able to support their population without suffering, while neighboring regions are in the grip of famine and are unable to receive succor from districts where there is comparative plenty, on account of the breakdown of transportation. Favorable seasons alone are not sufficient to restore agricultural prosperity, because in the region of crop failures seed, grain, live stock, and labor are not to be had, or are exceedingly scarce. According to Soviet statistics, the number of cattle in European Russia declined from five million head in 1920 to three million eight hundred thousand in 1922. In the Ukraine forty per cent of the peasants have no draft animals. Such animals as survive are weak and emaciated.

Yet there is some progress. Even in the worst afflicted districts, last autumn's sowings are about seven per cent larger than the sowings of the previous spring.

Turning to manufactures, a distinction must be drawn between large establishments and primary industries on the one hand, and small establishments and domestic industries on the other hand. The latter show marked progress. Since 1921 the output of matches has grown thirty per cent, and of rubber shoes nearly five hundred per cent. The average increase in the output of articles produced by hand labor, as distinguished from machine labor, has been between seventy and eighty per cent within a year. The recovery of large establishments and primary industries is delayed primarily by the breakdown of transportation. Added to this are the dispersion of their labor, currency chaos, and the decreased purchasing power of the community. Small as the output is in these industries, it is often larger than can be disposed of to markets within reach. For instance, the Government has recently been obliged to forbid the further import of textiles. Last of all, taxes take the lion's share of such profits as are made, and several industries, including coal-mining, lumbering, and iron-making are carried on at a loss.

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With regard to transportation, the railways must be divided into three classes. What the Bolsheviki call 'international lines,' — and these are the only lines with which most foreign visitors are familiar, — including those radiating from Moscow to Riga, Petrograd, Kief, and Vladivostok, are now in fair condition. The second group, consisting of trunk lines between the interior towns, still carry some traffic, but very irregularly, and the service they afford is totally inadequate. A third group, serving the small towns and rural districts, — what we should call feeders and branch lines in America, — is utterly out of commission. Not only has the rolling stock been diverted to roads of the first and second groups, but in many cases these lines have been stripped of their rails and ties, and the roadbeds have not been repaired for many years. Of forty million ties called for in 1922, only eight million could be delivered. Since 1918, no preservative processes have been used. In spite of the efforts to improve the condition of rolling stock, sixty per cent of all the locomotives in Russia and thirty-five per cent of all the freight cars were too crippled for use at the close of 1922.

Ekonomicheskaia Zhizn prints a résumé of economic conditions in the Far Eastern Republic shortly before its reabsorption by Moscow. In general, business was organized as it was in Russia. A number of Government trusts had been formed under the 'Ministry for Economics.' Several coal mines were being operated, mainly to supply fuel to the railways, though a little was exported to China. Timber was also shipped to the latter country, and it was proposed to open a market in Japan. Gold-mining was for the most part in private hands, a joint Russian-American company being the principal operator.

Trading likewise is still in private hands. There are many Chinese retailers and the coöperative associations play an important part in the economic life of the country. Agriculture is far more prosperous throughout Eastern Siberia than in Russia. Cattle have multiplied, and it has been possible to procure modern agricultural machinery. There is no shortage of seed grain except in the vicinity of Lake Baikal, where the crops were poor in 1922. Only gold and silver money are current, no paper being in circulation. While an effort will be made to introduce the Soviet rubles, this is likely to prove difficult, because most imported commodities come from China, and must be paid for in gold and silver. An attempt to pay wages in paper money is likely to cause trouble.

Mr. Joffe, the Soviet envoy at Peking, is negotiating for a return of the Chinese Eastern Railway to Russia. The title to that property is in dispute, though it is generally recognized that the investments of the former Imperial Government, which were protected by an agreement with China in 1896, have not vanished into thin air. Probably this question has been discussed by Mr. Joffe during his recent visit to Tokyo, which was ostensibly for the purpose of securing the recognition of the Soviet Government by Japan, and concluding a trade agreement with that country. The Japanese press seems, upon the whole, favorable to both the latter suggestions.

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FURTHER OPINIONS ON THE RUHR

RAYMOND RECOULY begins his political article in the February 1 issue of *La Revue de France* with the following saying applied to the Ruhr occupation: 'Well cut but still to be sewed.' And in the course of an optimistic review of the situation he says: —

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The occupation of the Ruhr is, from our point of view, first of all a means: to prove to Germany by the only argument to which she bows — that is, by acts — that our determination is unshakable, that we demand payment, and that if necessary we will take our pay with distraint. But if Germany still refuses to understand, if she persists in opposing us, the occupation may change from a means to an end.

Count Bernstorff's weekly, *Das Demokratische Deutschland*, charges England and America with moral responsibility for what it considers an unjustified aggression. At the time of the Paris Peace Conference America and England

did not curb France's mad thirst for revenge, but stimulated it in every way. It now becomes their duty to undo their work. England and America alone are powerful enough to banish this spirit of destruction, for they have outlawed and disarmed the German nation.

Oxford Union — the great debating society of the famous University — recently discussed the question: 'This House deplores the present policy of France as a grave menace to the welfare of Europe.' The affirmative won by a vote of 192 against 72.

Vorwärts states the Social-Democratic attitude toward Reparations and the Ruhr as follows: —

The German working classes are just as solidly behind a policy of fulfillment of our Reparations obligations as they ever were, up to the full capacity of Germany to pay. We stand as firmly as ever for an understanding with the signers of the Versailles Treaty, with the object of freeing our public and business policies from the fearful incubus of repeated Reparations crises. We do not propose for a moment to defend the coffers of our men of wealth from Germany's creditors. We do, however, repudiate decidedly the imputation that we are ready to profit by Poincaré and his armed janissaries to settle our own account with our rich tax-evaders and Reparations sabotagers.

The Moscow correspondent of *Kölnische Zeitung* says that for three days Moscow demonstrated against the French occupation. On the thirteenth of January, after the first reports from Düsseldorf arrived, the Central Executive Committee posted on the hoardings of Moscow: —

To All the Nations in the World: The troops of Imperialist France have marched into the Ruhr district! Foreign slave-drivers strike at the heart of German industry. A fearful blow has been struck at the German nation. The horrors of war again threaten Europe. The Russia of laborers and peasants cannot remain silent at this critical moment. Loyal to its principles that people shall have the right to determine their own government, it protests against the crime committed by the French Government. . . .

A workman climbed a lamp-post in the crowded street, swinging a caricature of Poincaré above the marching columns and shouting: 'There's the man who tricked us into war in 1914!' From the windows and from the crowd below people shouted, 'Down with France!' They even refused to listen to a French Communist speaking in his mother tongue until an interpreter calmed them.

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TSINGTAU

On December first China and Japan exchanged the documents that provided for the formal evacuation of Tsingtau by the latter country. The agreement consisted of twenty-eight businesslike articles dealing with the practical problems involved in the transfer. To a large extent it was a delivery of property, including administrative buildings, schools, electrical works, and the Shantung Railway. During the transition between the actual evacuation by Japanese troops and the arrival of the regular Chinese police — who did not

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appear at the date set — local bandits improved the interregnum to seize the police barracks and establish themselves in authority. They kidnapped half a dozen prominent citizens, including the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce and a high military official, commandeered one of the largest native hotels, and settled down with the declaration that they proposed to run the city themselves. Meanwhile, to quote the Peking correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*:—

The city of Tsingtau is empty, all the shops are closed, and not even the cry of the peddler is heard in the streets, while those citizens of means who are able to leave have fled to Tsinan or elsewhere. Shipping firms in other ports have suspended the calling of their steamers until better times, and though the railway line is still running, because the Japanese guards there are not yet withdrawn, the trains come empty into the station.

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JAPAN'S PRESS PROPAGANDA IN CHINA

THE *Japan Chronicle* of Kobe, an old and authoritative journal representing British interests in the Far East, recently devoted a leader to Japan's press propaganda in China. Rather oddly, from our point of view, some of the best paid and most competent agents employed or subsidized by the Japanese Government for this work are Englishmen.

Last winter dissensions between the British editor and the managing director of the *Shanghai Mercury* brought out the fact that this paper is virtually owned by Japanese, and that the Japanese Consul-General in Shanghai is a controlling influence in its councils. Commenting upon this incident, the *Chronicle* says: —

The *Mercury* is not the only apparently British paper in Shanghai in which there is a large Japanese interest. And there are papers like the *North China Standard* and the *China Advertiser*, in which there is less attempt to disguise the Japanese character of the sheets, but which still offer themselves as English papers, or English-language papers, to use a more exact though inelegant expression.

English journalists are not altogether happy in the rôle of hired propagandists in China, but apparently find the profession pleasanter in Japan itself.

Paid foreign journalism in Japan always masquerades as bona fide personal opinion, and, such is the fascination of receiving rewards, it really becomes personal opinion in some cases. It can be undertaken and social ostracism escaped. It is not so in China. When the *North China Standard* started there was the greatest difficulty in getting an English journalist in spite of the high pay offered. The position was too uncomfortable socially. They had at last to fall back on a man who was under sentence of imprisonment in Japan. In Shanghai the more adroit way has been found of acquiring a preponderant financial interest in British newspapers already existing. The British editors are politely encouraged to maintain their British independence, but the fact that not only a largest shareholder but the Japanese Consul-General as well is consulted by a British editor in little disputes indicates how impossible it is that any real independence can be maintained.

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THE DEBT SETTLEMENT

SOME of the French and Italian papers have assailed Great Britain with extraordinary bitterness for agreeing to pay the money she owes the United States. What they fear is that, having admitted its obligation to us, the British Government will now call upon them to admit theirs. If England starts paying America, she will naturally and invariably expect her debtors to pay her — if not all they owe, cer-

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tainly enough to cover her obligations to America. In some way they have a lively apprehension that our own Government, having effected a settlement with Great Britain, will now seek similar settlements with France, Belgium, and Italy. Indeed, the wording of the debt agreement expressly authorizes our Debt Commission to conclude such arrangements on similar but not more favorable terms than those with Great Britain.

Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, the leading Stinnes paper of Berlin, congratulates England and the United States upon the settlement: —

> England simply cannot consider at the present moment allowing any source of friction with the United States to arise . . . and it is by no means a bad thing that England should have brought brusquely to her attention the grotesque irrationality of any country being subjected to oppressive debt burdens for two generations to come. From the general standpoint, we can only welcome the fact that this possible cloud between the two Anglo-Saxon nations has been removed; although we are not justified in assuming that their agreement on this matter will lead to their working together for the rescue of Europe.

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THE BRITISH WEEKLIES

A LIVELY interchange of courtesies in the English press world resulted from the split of journalistic opinion in that country between sympathy for and hostility to the French seizure of the Ruhr. Lord Rothermere, who now heads most of the old Northcliffe group, is pro-French, partly, it is suggested, because Lord Beaverbrook, a leading rival in his particular field of journalism, is anti-French. The leading English weeklies, as the quotations we have already published in the *Living Age* suggest, are decidedly hostile to France's action. Their attitude caused Lord Rothermere to pass upon them the following hasty condemnation: —

> We doubt if the five weekly reviews now published in London have an aggregate net sale of twenty thousand copies. They are written in pompous language, but they are dying as rapidly as old-fashioned political clubs of the Victorian order.

Lord Rothermere allowed himself considerable latitude as to facts, for the *Spectator* alone has nearly the circulation he specifies. The other four weeklies to which he referred were probably *The Nation and the Athenæum*, the *New Statesman*, which is known to have nearly 10,000 subscribers, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Outlook*. Though his figures are not accurate, it is true that their circulation is negligible compared with that of the great dailies. But they enjoy a political power out of proportion to their circulation. It was rather remarkable that they should agree on the Ruhr issue, for the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator* represent the Right in English opinion and the *New Statesman* and the *Nation* the Left, while the *Outlook* permits itself wide freedom of movement in the general vicinity of the Centre.

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FRANCE SCRAPS THE TREATY

BY AUSTIN HARRISON

[*Austin Harrison, son of the late Frederic Harrison, is editor of the* English Review.]

From the *English Review, February*
(LIBERAL MONTHLY)

WHEN M. Clemenceau declared that the Treaty of Versailles was designed to 'continue the war on Germany' in peace, our Premier, and certainly the Americans, regarded that statement as the sort of thing that passionate men said immediately after a terrible war, but hardly the sort of thing they meant as a contribution to the history of civilization; in great part our difficulties with France date from that curious difference in the national psychologies of England and France and their complete misunderstanding. The French are the most logical people in Europe; we are the mystics of the modern world. The French intended the peace to be war and for that reason imposed penalties which they knew were fantastic; which they knew must lead to default, thereby bringing into operation the true meaning of the clauses of guaranties, namely 'security,' by which term the French imply the control of Germany's supplies of coal and the break-up of the Empire of Bismarck.

But at Versailles M. Clemenceau, who knew America, had to proceed warily. Mr. Wilson was an idealist, he would never have signed a treaty of mediæval robbery; and as M. Tardieu had proclaimed that the Treaty contained more punitive, repressive, and penal conditions than any other treaty in history, M. Clemenceau let it go, knowing full well that its breakdown was inevitable and that then France could proceed on her own and finish off her old historical foe. Mr. Lloyd George, opportunist, thought otherwise. He reckoned upon the healing process of time; upon the inducements of 'good' money; upon reason. He thought the French would 'come round,' and the deadlock which has existed ever since between us and the French over Reparations has simply been a trial of strength of our respective national mentalities in respect of the treatment to be meted out to a defeated enemy by a victorious world in the twentieth century.

At Genoa Mr. Lloyd George seriously sought an issue which France absolutely wrecked. The next step was our Premier's discomfiture. Paris determined to unhorse him — he fell at the bidding of French machinations, thus letting in here a Conservative Government which Paris expected would be sufficiently amenable, or indifferent, to permit the execution of the French policy of 'disannexation' on the lines of Napoleon's confederation of the Rhine.

All the economic conferences, talk, wrangling, and schemes indulged in since 1919 have been purely so much beating of the air, so far as France has been concerned; for the one thing France has aimed at is to avoid any solution which would *settle Reparations*, thereby freeing Germany from her throttle-hold and so frustrating the carrying-out of her military policy of

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'security.' Thus when the German trade-unions offered to restore all the devastated regions, France summarily refused; similarly, she has rejected all plans for a moratorium, all schemes for an international loan. The truth is, Reparations are quite a secondary matter to her. France is self-contained; she can entirely feed herself; she is economically robust and solvent; the financial debacle of all Europe does not trouble her. As M. Loucheur, who is regarded as the successor to M. Poincaré, put it, Germany must '*sauter*' (smash), after which France can begin to think of European recovery.

It is well to follow M. Loucheur, whose important speech on November 8 has been circulated as propaganda verbatim in this country. He too is all for the Rhenish Napoleonic Confederation, only he sees it not so much as a French province, but as a *buffer State* guaranteed internationally, perhaps by the League of Nations. The French League, of course, not Wilson's. His plan is military-financial. It is to detach all the Rhine Provinces from Germany, to expel all Prussian officials, and to introduce the franc as the unit of money, which, in his opinion, is a workable scheme, provided Britain, for example, would guarantee, that is fight for, such a buffer State. He apparently thinks that no one 'could oppose' the internationalization of the Rhine Provinces. He wants a permanent international military force. He intimated that the French Army could be suitably trained and maintained there just as well as in other parts of France. The main thing, he said, was to protect France from any further German danger.

M. Poincaré, having got rid of Mr. Lloyd George, has now proceeded to carry out the real plan of the Treaty of Versailles. It was outlined in detail by M. Dariac, who was sent by M. Poincaré to report on the economics of the Rhine Provinces, and its purport is to cut out the coal centre from Germany, so as to disorganize her industries, expropriate the industrial magnates, and then, when Germany collapses, to restore the old Napoleonic Rhenish Confederation, the idea of course being that the starved German miners will in the end prefer the French franc to the worthless paper-mark. As M. Dariac explains, the troops of Louis XIV, of Louis XV, of Napoleon succeeded one another there. Thus the French object is to revive the annexationist policy of Louis XIV and Louis XV, regardless of the debacle which the latter foretold with such prophetic justice.

What we are now witnessing is the realization of France's chronic historical dream — the military domination of Europe, based upon the break-up of the German Empire and the creation of a Catholic military alliance pivoting upon Poland in the east, while the rest of Europe is reduced to Balkanization, primed to jump at one another's throats. As Germany must default, France expects ultimately to have to occupy Berlin, when, it is thought, Bavaria, seduced by the prospect of being permitted a king, will secede and eventually link up with the other detached Catholic German secessions in bitter hostility to Prussia, whom France is mortally afraid of. In all this Reparations play no part at all. The French policy is disruption. Quite logically, they no longer care about the fate of any country's paper moneys; the mechanism of credit is broken. They intend (1) to obtain military security; (2) to establish the franc as the unit in Europe; (3) to permit the recovery of Europe only and if the first of these conditions is assured.

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We go back to the European constellation which it was Cromwell's life-work to prevent — in his day the danger was Spain; and perhaps the most singular feature of the present position is that it is due to the two Heads of the Anglo-Saxon Protestant worlds, themselves both protesting dissenters of the Cromwellian type, that this revival of a Catholic military hegemony has been brought about, in which Italy, however unwilling, is in self-interest entangled. At Versailles the work of Cromwell was undone. America, as was inevitable when the facts were known, refused to ratify the Treaty, as a consequence leaving England to guarantee the new Louis XIV Empire of France or herself to cut loose. For four years we have tried to face both ways, pretending that all was well, but now the decision has fallen and Europe is aflame. We go back to the war conditions of 1914. The Treaty of Versailles is broken — broken by France; rejected by America; to-day recognized as unworkable by England. It is another Franco-Prussian war pure and simple.

France, with an army of 800,000 men, is mistress of the situation, for Germany is unarmed, defenseless, and reduced by war, famine, and disaster to a country whose men cannot physically fight, and may not, by Treaty, even maintain a submarine, an aeroplane, or a General Staff. France never had such an opportunity to wreak her vengeance. She knows that America will not fight her, that Britain's policy is to look the other way, that no Power can oppose her, and she has the courage to ignore the bankers' financial mechanism or the policy of the gold standard, which necessarily consists in restoring Europe to a credit basis under the benevolent ægis of good American money. Even Napoleon never had so easy a thing before him.

With the sword for Prussia and the franc for the enslaved miners, France carries a twofold weapon. If the Germans show resistance, they will be shot down. Bavaria will be offered a king, the franc, and an army. The Rhine will be offered good money, a treaty, and a Rhenish nationalism, and eventually France reckons that we shall acquiesce, eat our historical heritage, and for the sake of harmony even undertake to legitimize the Rhenish Confederation under the auspices of the League of Nations, which France *de facto* controls.

The French will do this job efficiently. It will be meticulously military in detail. The French soldiers have been instructed in their attitude toward the good Catholic Rhinelanders. Blacks will not be requisitioned, nor, this time, brothels. The military part will be carried out scrupulously and punctiliously — 'to the last button' — and the Rhine Province will be asked to turn itself into a Republican Ireland fighting for liberty against Protestant Prussia, who under Frederick the Great usurped the 'national' rights of the Rhenish people.

So ends the farce of 'self-determination,' and, whatever France may think or do, so ends the monstrous Treaty of Versailles. What are we going to do? Powerful financial interests in England favor French policy on the principle that one man's ruin is another's fortune, and that, as Germany cracks and is unable to export, we shall step in and collar the markets. And such is the reason for the 'better trade' prophecies of high finance. In a sense there is truth in this expectation. We shall sell coal; 'heavies' will revive; industrials will go up; for a short period we may have quite a little splutter, and Mr. Bonar Law's 'tranquillity' will have come off. But this can only be a short-lived, because entirely artificial, pros-

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perity. Europe will slowly but gradually catch fire.

Already we see one consequence in Memel; Rumanians and Hungarians are getting ready for their inevitable war; Greece is preparing to fight in Thrace; Italy is looking round frantically for a policy of success; the whole financial mechanism of Europe will crash under the experiment; Russia is an incalculable factor; the oil of Mosul blocks peace with Turkey; finally, America may be goaded into taking an attitude. We are going to see a remarkable year. As France finds her difficulties increase — and they will — she will be stung to coercion. Her army will go deeper and deeper into Germany and 'incidents' will grow. The terrible hate engendered in a desperate people like the Germans must lead to trouble; French soldiers will be attacked, and then there will be reprisals. The adventure will probably end in Berlin with practically the whole standing army of France on German soil.

Those who think we can stand by and just take our profits are making a disastrous mistake. Our honor is engaged. The words of our soldiers are engaged. Principles of civilization are engaged. If we meekly look on while France ravages and breaks up a nation which laid down its arms to the world on definite pledges given by the Anglo-Saxon civilizations, the war will have been fought in vain; we shall have lost the war morally and internationally; we shall have signed away the very soul of international law.

We return to an almost exact parallel of Europe after Jena, when Napoleon set up the Rhenish Confederation. It consisted of 20,000,000 Germans compelled to contribute 150,000 soldiers to France; it lasted till 1813, when the example shown by the peasants of Spain fired the Germans to Nationalism. The Clemenceau Treaty is based on Napoleon's policy of 'indemnities,' which consisted in imposing unfulfillable conditions in order to exact the territorial penalty; and had the Anglo-Saxon representatives at Paris known the history of Europe they would not have signed a Treaty which restores the Napoleonic policy of dominating Europe, denounced by Fox, in the Parliament of a century ago, as — 'robbery.'

It will be impossible for Britain to ignore the true meaning of French policy. Lord Rothermere seems anxious to see the franc crack — it may be the best way; the French hope to get English financial interests involved in the great coke and coal scheme of the Comité des Forges, which would make France mistress of 'heavies,' of coal, and of industrial Europe. She may succeed for a brief time. If so, following the new Prussian Tilsit of 1923, Waterloo the second will be the sequel, and pending that deliverance all Europe will look to war as the only, and the necessary, way out. If Mr. Bonar Law's Government does nothing but meekly look on, our only course is militarism and an unrivaled striking Air Force. Once more we can say with Pitt: 'Roll up the map.'

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JAPANESE SOCIALISM

BY SODESKA

[In order to accommodate to the space requirements of the Living Age *this exhaustive analysis, by a Japanese scholar, of social progress and problems in Japan, many paragraphs have been summarized.]*

From *Politica, December* 31
(Rome Political Review)

Socialism is a subject that at first escapes the attention of a foreign student of Japan, impressed as he usually is by the discipline of the people and their spirit of obedience to authority. However, in the same way that sentiment and passion, love and hatred, joy and despair, hide themselves behind the ever smiling countenance of the Japanese, so beneath the apparent rigidity of Japan's social structure thoughts of equality and class aspirations are firing many hearts. Even the Government tries to convince itself and others that a Socialist movement is impossible. But a person who penetrates beneath the surface and unveils the true soul of Japan, jealously hidden as it usually is from strangers, speedily realizes that this is false.

To be sure, Japanese Socialism differs in many ways from Western Socialism, just as the temperament of the people differs from that of Europeans. Only painstaking and profound analysis reveals the real forces and ideals at work beneath the nation's placid surface.

The history of Socialism in Japan is an alternation of enthusiasm and apathy, of setbacks followed by revivals as sudden and unexpected as they were audacious and intimidating.

One who imagines that Socialism is a recent phenomenon in Japan betrays an imperfect knowledge of the country. It is true that social questions have acquired unprecedented importance within the last few years, but Socialist ideas have been held by a few reformers for almost a generation. The movement already has a history and a literature.

The first effort to organize a Socialist Party dates back to 1882, when the doctrines of Henry George and of Karl Marx began to make converts in certain circles, and some of their writings were translated into Japanese. However, interest soon waned and this brief enthusiasm passed, leaving no traces behind it. Later, in 1898, Socialist ideas were brought back to Japan by students from America, and a Society for the Study of Social Questions was organized. But the faith of the new apostles was not strong, and all but two of them eventually abandoned Socialism. In 1901 a Social-Democratic Party was organized along the same lines as similar parties in Europe. Its organ was an ably conducted newspaper called *Yorodzu Choho*. As soon as the platform of this party became known, the police began to persecute it; but instead of discouraging the founders, this only stimulated their propaganda, and they were soon preaching their doctrines all the way from Kyushu to Hokkaido.

Then came the war with Russia, which split the Party. Its delegate to the International Socialist Congress at

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Amsterdam supported a resolution condemning the war as a struggle between two military oligarchies, and even shook hands with the Russian delegate present. This drove most of the lukewarm converts out of the Party; for the whole country was afire with war enthusiasm. Even *Yorodzu Choho* deserted the cause. However, the small group that remained faithful managed to start a new journal, *Neimin Shimbun*, or 'People's Paper,' which was published throughout the war, although repeatedly suppressed by the police and frequently forced to change its name.

During the reaction that followed Japan's victory, when the common people discovered that military triumphs only added to their own burdens, recruits flocked to the Party from every section of the country. Its daily newspaper had more than five thousand subscribers. Several Socialist books were written, or translated from other languages.

However, the Government redoubled its repressive measures, confiscated Socialist books, broke up Party meetings, and imprisoned the more violent leaders. Though this did not suppress the movement, it seriously checked it. Socialism is not prolific of heroes in Japan. The prospect of imprisonment caused many to renounce the new faith, which at best they often but half understood. On the other hand, police persecution unintentionally defeated its primary purpose to some extent, by encouraging the spread of even more radical doctrines. Japanese anarchists returning from America now began to preach direct action to the masses.

The first manifestation of the new trend occurred in Tokyo in 1908, at a demonstration in honor of certain comrades just released from prison. The extremists carried red banners bearing the legend: 'Communism — Anarchism.' These flags were seized by the police after a lively skirmish, and the leaders were arrested. Repressive measures, however, ceased to be effective and secret radical publications began to multiply and to secure wide distribution in spite of the police.

Late in 1910 the extremists united in a desperate protest against the Government, when bombs were thrown. This resulted in the conviction and execution of Kotoan, the anarchist leader, and ten of his comrades. Many prominent Socialists were arrested and for a time the movement seemed crushed.

But fire continued to glow beneath the ashes. The rapid expansion of Western industries in Japan and the growth of a factory population resulted in a labor movement that prepared the soil for a Socialist revival. Here and there a cautiously conducted Socialist newspaper appeared. In 1917 a Socialist candidate even ventured to stand for Parliament.

Late in 1918 a group of young men was formed to advocate State Socialism. It never won popular support and soon was narrowed down to a little clique of army officers, bureaucrats and professors, known as the *Rosokai* or 'Young and Old Society.' It publishes a review, *Dai Nihon*, — 'Great Japan,' — to propagate the idea that Socialism must be introduced under the protection of the Imperial Standard; that all land and property should revert to the Mikado; that he is the only true proprietor. But reverence for the Mikado is no longer strong enough in Japan to make such a programme appeal to Japanese capitalists and profiteers.

Meanwhile, a more important and general movement was spreading among the humbler classes. It was distinguished from previous movements by its close relation with organized labor, and the increasing agitation of workingmen and students for more partici-

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pation in the Government. Interest in social problems was growing rapidly, and numerous journals and reviews, several of scholarly authority, sprang up to gratify this demand. More than a hundred thousand copies of Kautzky's analysis of Marx's *Das Kapital* were secretly sold within a few days. In October 1920, the Director of Public Instruction reported that in 1919 one hundred and ninety-four illegal books were published in Japan, as compared with only twenty-one, two years previously. Among the works suppressed by the Government were translations of Bellamy's *Looking Backward* and Morris's *News from Nowhere.*

Since 1912, therefore, Socialism has been spreading rapidly, and the Party is concentrating upon definite political demands, such as universal suffrage and abolition of the censorship over the press and over the propaganda of new ideas.

The growth of Socialism in Japan, as in Europe, is closely associated with the Labor movement. Prior to 1868 few were rich and few were poor in the Empire. Modern industry has created both pauperism and a proletariat. The scholarly theorists who first introduced Socialism into Japan were succeeded by men who saw the importance of securing the support of the working classes.

Although the war with Russia stimulated manufacturing, the Labor movement did not become really important until the beginning of the World War. Almost immediately thereafter strikes began to occur with increasing frequency. In 1918 rice riots threatened to shake the very foundations of the Government. Infuriated by the rapid rise in the price of their staple food, the people got out of control. The disorders, starting in a little fishing village in the province of Tayaba, speedily spread to all large population-centres. Many grain warehouses were set afire and there was great destruction of property. It was only after a month of arduous labor that the Government was able to restore a semblance of order. Not without reason did a leading sociologist of Japan observe: 'I do not know that we shall ever have Socialism in our country, but I do know that the spirit of revolution is abroad throughout the land.'

In the autumn of 1919 there were 755 labor organizations in Japan, with more than 230,000 members of both sexes. The Government was by this time convinced that repressive measures aggravated instead of mitigating the danger, and suspended the regulations prohibiting Labor organizations and strikes. This was followed by the formation of regional Trade Unions.

In Japan, as in Europe, Socialism is the offspring of industrialism. In the same way that Western institutions encountered in the Japan of 1868 a nation untouched by the life and ideas of the Occident, so the great expansion of manufacturing in 1914 encountered a working population still possessing a mediæval mentality and utterly different from their comrades in Europe or America. But no nation assimilates more rapidly than the Japanese. Almost overnight the little handicraft shops of the Shogun era, where master and men formed a single family, gave way to vast factories, works, and shipyards, that drew to the great industrial centres thousands of peasants, by their promise of higher wages. Japan thought her day of destiny had come. The industrial revolution of the last few years has proceded at a rate not hitherto known in any other country.

Profiting by the opportunity of the war, when Japan enjoyed many advantages over her competitors, industries doubled and redoubled their output, and new works were completed daily. Profits were enormous; divi-

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dends reached one hundred and two hundred per cent. *Narikins*, or poor men enriched by the war, could soon be counted by the hundreds. During five years the number of millionaires more than doubled. Over twenty-two hundred families now have fortunes exceeding half a million yen, or one quarter of a million dollars.

Meanwhile new theories of democracy gained a foothold. The ideas of the European proletariat were eagerly absorbed by the new Japanese proletariat. The German Revolution rather than the Russian Revolution set the people thinking, for it represented the overthrow of the Prussian military oligarchy, much like the oligarchy that ruled Japan. The setting up of an International Labor Conference and an International Labor Bureau by the Peace Treaty thrilled the workingmen with a new idea of a world-wide community of interests.

But war, industrialism, capitalism, the Russian Revolution, and the German Revolution would not have had such a powerful influence in Japan if the soil had not already been prepared for the reception of new ideas. The humble pioneer of a new era was the Western-language teacher. Every Japanese is eager to learn foreign tongues, as many a tourist has discovered by being accosted by eager students in the streets. An old and distinguished American missionary once told me that he had to give up teaching English in order to escape a flood of new converts to his faith, who were less interested in Christian doctrine than in the tongue of Shakespeare. The Imperial Government permits the free circulation of even subversive books if they are published in Western languages. The result has been to encourage the sedulous study of forbidden questions by university students, and by all who have access to Western thought and learning.

Of late years, however, the diffusion of instruction has produced great changes in the masses themselves. Their old faith in the supernatural is waning. Science is explaining phenomena hitherto regarded as insoluble mysteries. Traditions are becoming merely curious legends. Hand in hand with this mental change, the old feudal respect for the lord and the master has been weakened.

Other conditions favorable to the spread of Socialist ideas have been the general lowering of public and business morals. Riches gained too readily and in too devious ways have shaken respect for all property rights. In no other country does corruption run riot in political, military, industrial and financial circles as it does in Japan. Almost every day the newspapers reveal a new scandal. Men fail for millions; and respected statesmen, members of Parliament, and even Cabinet officers, are found to be implicated in the shadowy intrigues that invited these disasters.

Japan stands at a turning-point in her history. Her rivalry with the United States for supremacy in the Pacific is daily growing more intense. The traditional friendship between the two nations began to cool soon after 1905, when their interests came into conflict from Alaska to Cape Horn and from San Francisco to Hawaii and the Philippines. In China they are bitter commercial rivals. The exclusion of Japanese immigrants from California is an added source of antagonism.

Japan's present naval inferiority, the fact that her fleet has few submarines and that her air force is negligible, may postpone for a time an open rupture. Meanwhile, China's temporary disorganization does not prevent her exhibiting a deep-seated hatred for her powerful Asiatic neighbor and an intention to assert eventual hegemony in Asia.

Japanese statesmen are also preoc-

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cupied with the question of Korea, justly called the Ireland of the Orient. Koreans still cherish the memory of their former greatness. They know that from the sixth century onward they were the teachers and masters of their present rulers. They know that they were the missionaries who carried Buddhism, art, and science to barbarous Japan. Naturally they rebel at surrendering their independence, their national traditions, their mother tongue, and becoming a colony or province of their former pupils.

A last — and by no means unimportant — link in the chain of rivalry and hatred that surrounds Japan is the neighboring territory of Soviet Russia. Bolshevist propaganda has already invaded Manchuria, and threatens to gain a foothold in the Empire of the Rising Sun. Will the theories of Lenin surmount the barriers that the Mikado's Government has erected against them? While it is extremely improbable that Japan will ever follow the footsteps of Russia, it is impossible to foresee what solution of the social question she will adopt. Is Socialism destined to undermine her political institutions and make her the easy prey of her rivals on the east and on the west? Or will the Mikado succeed in allaying discontent, in reviving the old heroic spirit of the samurai, in rallying his nation to a united stand against foreign aggression?

Many writers have ventured to prophesy Japan's future. Pierre Loti speaks of 'the little oldish nation that will soon end in grotesquery and buffoonery' — *ce petit peuple vieillot qui finira bientôt dans le grotesque et la bouffonerie.* Lafcadio Hearn and other admirers believe her destined to high achievements, and steadily growing power. But this very divergence of opinions illustrates how difficult it is to predict the future of a nation that, like the volcanic archipelago it inhabits, is subject to unexpected shocks and sudden transformations.

GETTING AN EDUCATION

BY FRANZISKA TIBURTIUS

[*These recollections date from* 1871, *when the University of Zurich was the only higher educational institution in Europe that admitted women to its courses.*]

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, January* 14–26
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

A melancholy autumn day was fading into a black starless evening when my train reached the railway station at Zurich. The beautiful country that usually delights the traveler through Southern Germany had been wrapped in a blanket of gray fog. When we reached Lake Constance, rain was falling, and at Zurich it was descending in torrents. A sea of dripping umbrellas surged in and out the station entrance. The reflection of the street lights danced in the plashing pools along the wayside. . . .

But the next morning I woke up to a different world. From my lofty window in Zürcher Hof I had a wide view over the blue, sunlit waters of the lake, to

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the dazzling snow-capped mountains beyond.

For about a year, the daughter of a German clergyman, whose married sister was a friend of mine in Berlin, had been enrolled at the University. I had corresponded with her about my plans, and to her I first resorted for counsel and advice.

A friendly Swiss directed me to her lodgings. Reaching the house, I was shown into a room of moderate size where four young, exotic-looking ladies were seated around a table. Upon the table were a skull, an open anatomical atlas, an enormous samovar, teacups, a jar of preserves with which the Russians are fond of sweetening their tea, cigarette boxes, and a tobacco pouch. On the neighboring sofa leaned companionably half a skeleton — the ribs and spine — which was shoved hither and thither to make way for the other occupants.

I was cordially received by Fräulein Lehmus, the young lady whom I sought, and her Russian friends. Two of the latter had already completed their second semester, and were happy to advise a newcomer like myself. All four of the Russian ladies were Jewesses from Southern Russia, and spoke excellent German. So I suddenly found myself a member of a jolly tea-party. There was much smoking of cigarettes. My first impression was pleasant enough. Fräulein Lehmus gave me the information I wished, my new acquaintances were cordial and helpful, and my arrangements for the next day, when I wished to matriculate, were speedily made. When I left, it was with an appointment to meet these ladies at midday in a neighboring restaurant, the Fraunfeld. . . .

I arrived at the latter establishment ahead of my friends and was taken directly to a roomy dining-hall in the rear, where dinner was served at a single big and rather untidy table. On the opposite side of this table sat a mysterious being, whom I at first found it hard to classify. It had a round boyish head, short, carefully brushed hair, enormous blue glasses, an extremely youthful baby-pink face, a dark, heavy cloth jacket, a lighted cigarette, and a general appearance of precocity combined with immaturity. But there was something about the person that did not harmonize with an evident aspiration to be mannish. I looked stealthily under the table, and discovered a faded, bright-patterned cotton gown. This extraordinary creature did not take the slightest notice of me, but remained buried in a thick volume, pausing at frequent intervals to roll with remarkable skill and swiftness a tiny cigarette, which she finished with a couple of whiffs.

While I was still staring at this phenomenon, my morning's acquaintances appeared, and I discovered that this person was a young Russian girl, seventeen years old, from Moscow. She was nominally studying philosophy, without the slightest preparation for that subject, and with a very sketchy knowledge of the German language. A few minutes later several Oriental-looking young people came in. I could not tell whether they were of Mongol or Semitic extraction. They seated themselves at the table with a nod and a *Zdrasdje* to those already present, and we finished our meal without further ceremony. Nothing was passed; each one reached for what he wanted. The gentlemen showed no attention to the ladies; each one swallowed his food as fast as he could, and hastened away. I should make an exception, however, for a discussion started at the farther end of the table, which soon became so violent that I expected it to end with fisticuffs. I later heard that the whole argument was over me. 'Who is she?'

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'A German girl.' 'What does she want to study?' 'Medicine.' 'Nonsense. She is not strong enough. She will go with consumption.'

The food itself was good: borsch — the thick Russian soup — meat, beets, and an abundance of excellent milk. Last of all, tea.

My next task was to find lodgings. It was at the beginning of the semester, and cards announcing rooms to rent were displayed from almost every window. However, I was turned away from one door after another with the curt remark: 'Only gentlemen taken.' Finally I found a quiet little room with a maiden lady, five minutes' walk from the University. She was an elderly, sprightly little person, with a face that broke into clusters of tiny friendly little wrinkles when she spoke. In a few minutes I had agreed to take the best of her rooms for twenty-five francs a month. It was to be my home for the coming two years.

The next day — matriculation. There was quite a crowd of applicants in the waiting-room, among them two of my acquaintances of the previous day, who greeted me in a most friendly manner. I observed that after I had recorded my name and residence in the register several students covertly peeked into the book to see who I was. They evidently saw at once that I was not 'a Cossack colt.'

We were summoned into the next room one by one. Finally my turn came. The rector was there, seated behind a green table, a youngish, blond man with a benevolent but bureaucratic air. A brief introduction — I was handed the University statutes. I gave a formal promise to observe them — not to fight duels, not to sing late at night in a disorderly manner on the streets, not to row with the policeman — all of which I assented to with right good will. Thereupon we bowed to each other, a messenger escorted me to the door, and the thing was over. That was the way we matriculated on October 10, 1871.

Then back to my hotel to pack up and move to my new quarters. I was not exactly satisfied with the Russian table at Fraunfeld, and preferred to dine at Zürcher Hof. I recently came across my bill among some forgotten papers, and it reminded me painfully of the good old times. A supper of excellent beefsteak and all the rest; a breakfast of coffee, with an abundance of cream, bread, butter, and honey; a dinner, also excellent, with wine; afternoon coffee; one night's lodging — the whole bill nine francs eighty-five pfennige, or a little less than $2.00. And Zürcher Hof was the best hotel in the city!

Soon I was settled in my lodgings at Hintergasse 3, with idle time on my hands, for the lectures did not begin until twelve days later. I was embarking upon a novel enterprise. Fifty years ago Germany was just beginning to talk of 'the emancipation of women.' Most people associated the word in some obscure way with disorderly and riotous conduct, or defiance of accepted social standards. When I was a young girl, even skating, athletics, and horseback riding marked a young woman as emancipated. . . .

The idea of higher education for women was imported. The Blackwell sisters in America had managed to secure admission to professional courses fifteen or twenty years before, and had later become practising physicians. Dublin and Edinburgh Universities had admitted women, but only after a long controversy. Zurich University admitted its first woman student, a Russian named Nadejda Suslova, in the winter of 1864–1865. No German university was open to women at the time I went to Zurich. I chose that city

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partly because of the language, and partly because Swiss universities were organized upon the German model, and I was planning to secure a medical degree and then to apply for admission to practice in Germany. No woman had hitherto received the latter privilege.

Zurich University at this time received its characteristic imprint from its Russian students. The story of their arrival is a strange one, typical of the country from which they came. A certain agitator, Netscheyev, who had won the confidence of Bakunin and his associates, had busied himself, two years previously, going about from one Russian university to another, agitating revolutionary doctrines, and gathering money from the students for revolutionary purposes. He was detected and fled to Switzerland, where he was arrested by the Swiss police, and extradited by the Russian Government as a common criminal, as he afterward turned out to be. But the result was to attract a great immigration of young Russians of both sexes to Zurich. Most of these were enthusiastic young fanatics, eager to make martyrs of themselves and for the most part quite dazzled with the idea of their own importance.

The women especially felt that they could do their people at home the most good if they studied medicine, for physicians were very scarce in Russia at that time. Moreover, that profession brought them in close contact with the people. The result was that, in the autumn of 1871, the medical department of Zurich University found itself suddenly invaded by some one hundred and twenty young women and about the same number of young men from Russia. Since there were very few women of any other nationality at the University, these Russian girls gave our section of the student body an overwhelmingly Slavic caste. Another noticeable fact was the large percentage of Jews, due to a provision in the Russian laws limiting the Jewish attendance at Russian universities to two and one half per cent of the total student body.

Now that I look back on my student days, after an interval of fifty years, I see things in a very different light; but at the time I took a decided dislike to the young 'Cossack colts,' as they were called. Indeed, they proved a serious danger for the higher education of women in Switzerland. They caused all sorts of difficulties for the local authorities with their radical notions and unconventional ways. Some of these young girls wore such extraordinary clothing and had such extraordinary manners that certain professors refused to receive them in their classes; and it looked for a time as if the Senate of the University might solve the difficulty by forbidding the attendance of women altogether, since it would not be expedient to discriminate against those of any single nationality.

But there were many extenuating circumstances in case of these poor little 'Cossack colts.' Most of them had a hard enough time later. With all their crazy ideas, their self-importance, their presumption, their martyr vanities, they were honest enough at heart, they believed in their cause, and they were ready to make sacrifices for their ideals; indeed some actually gave their lives for them. The queer little woman I had seen studying philosophy at the dining-table in Fraunfeld later served a ten-year sentence at hard labor in the Siberian mines on account of her political activities. They were all animated by a spirit of self-renunciation. They sacrificed comfort, family, and social position, and most of the things that make life desirable for young women, to labor 'among the people,' and to share the hardships and priva-

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tions of the poor. At Zurich they lived almost in a communal fashion, most of them in great poverty, and when one received money it was shared among all. When one dined well, all dined well; when one went hungry, all went hungry.

The first morning after I had settled in my permanent lodgings the sister of my Berlin friend called to introduce me to the locality that was to be my home for an indefinite time to come. It was a glorious autumn day, filled with the farewell smiles of departing summer. We set forth on foot, between vineyards where the last grapes were even then being gathered, along the lake shore where now it is all city — to a little wharf. Here we boarded a tiny steamer that took us to a country landing, from which we followed a footpath through the autumn-tinted forest to a summit from which we could see the whole glory of the surrounding mountains, of nearby Rigi, of the Bernese Alps, clear to the distant Juras. My friend pointed out with the familiarity of a native the salient landmarks in the rugged landscape. It was a delightful excursion that remains forever imprinted on my memory.

We had many similar Sunday walks during the next four years, for we were both enthusiastic pedestrians and amateur mountaineers. Off we would start across the country, disregarding roads and pathways, through forest and field, to some chosen summit, stopping at a peasant's house for a frugal luncheon of bread and butter, milk, and cheese. Then at sundown, or in the evening twilight, we would take a steamer, often crowded with Sunday picnickers, back to Zurich.

We women students had an unpleasant experience the first time we presented ourselves at the dissecting room. The men students had got wind of the fact that we were to come on a certain day. When we arrived, the room was already crowded, many young fellows from the other faculties being present. Our arrival was greeted with a deafening chorus of howls, whistles, and catcalls. We had to go to an anteroom where we kept our big aprons and other laboratory supplies. When we tried to leave this room, to go to work, we found it locked. Meanwhile the tumult continued. We were in a very unpleasant situation.

In a few moments, however, there was sudden stillness, and a little later a young Pole opened the door with a deep bow. The dissecting room was absolutely empty. Later, Professor Meyer and his assistant came in, and we began work without any reference to what had just occurred. However, Professor Meyer joined me and Miss Sinclair, who had already become my student chum, as we were walking home. He spoke pleasantly to us, and assured us that such a demonstration would not occur again. As soon as he had learned from his assistant what was occurring, he had come down to the dissecting room, and ejected the trouble-makers with a few forcible remarks.

Indeed, it was fortunate that all of the professors with whom we had work during the first semester sympathized with the experiment of admitting women to their classes. It was not easy for me to accustom myself at first to some of the exigencies of laboratory work — for instance, to take a damp, cold, wiggling frog firmly in my hand, and cut off his head — but I learned to manage it, knowing that my fellow students were watching me closely in order to make capital of my slightest failure. . . .

I recall that I was once paired off with a young Swiss student to work out some nerve dissections, in which I did rather better than he. He grum-

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bled good-naturedly: 'Yes, you women have one big advantage: you do not have to go to Kneipes. Can study all the time.' But after our work was over, and we had both tidied up and were leaving the dissecting room, he stepped up to me, handed me his card, and expressed his satisfaction at being assigned to work with me. Naturally the good-hearted young fellow might not have gone out of his way to do this had other students been present. I was careful not to embarrass him even by a casual greeting in a crowd. For students are like children, extraordinarily sensitive to the opinions of their own circle. Some of them presented a petition to the University Senate against the further admission of women, but nothing more was ever heard of it. . . .

I soon discovered that my preparation in Latin and mathematics was inadequate. It was easy enough to find a Latin teacher, but difficult to get a good tutor in mathematics. Finally some friends suggested that I apply to an instructor in the Polytechnic Institute. He was a pleasant young man, who stared at me steadily and searchingly when I told him what I wished. After I had concluded, he sat silent for a moment, evidently turning the matter over in his mind, and then said: 'Yes, it will be an interesting experience to teach a lady, but I cannot make any promises. I do not believe women can understand mathematics, and if I see that I am wasting my time you must not be offended if I drop you.'

So I began my lessons with this understanding. I was not ignominiously dismissed, however. Indeed — perhaps because he started with such a low opinion of my intelligence — he swung to the opposite extreme, and at one of the faculty meetings related as a remarkable fact that he was giving lessons to a woman who really was capable of understanding mathematics. . . . Once when I met a couple of gentlemen acquaintances at a social affair, one of them said to me in a kindly sotto voce: 'Ah, you are studying medicine, are n't you? Well, we'll not mention it.'

Through a letter of introduction from Berlin, I became acquainted with one of the old patrician families of Zurich, and was thus granted a glimpse into the solid, conservative, exclusive society of that ancient city. The family consisted of four people: an elderly couple, their only daughter, and their son-in-law. Madame was some fifty years old, petite, active, a little stooped, invariably dressed in the plainest fashion, yet a trifle haughty and retiring beneath all her courtesy. The house was furnished with puritan simplicity. A straight-backed, uncushioned sofa, with a simple, homespun spread; a large dining-room table of solid but primitive manufacture, but covered with the finest damask linen, beautiful cut-glass, and fine old family silver; and cupboards stocked with magnificent porcelains and glassware, quite worthy of any museum.

When I became more intimate with the family, I asked my hostess one day how, with her fine artistic taste, she could endure the horrible, coarse woodcuts of ancient Swiss worthies that hung on the walls. She laughed merrily and said: 'Yes, of course they are dreadful — but — they are awfully old, so we must keep them.'

I quote from a letter to my mother, written in March 1873, in which I mention this family: 'So our big tea-party is over; twelve Zurich ladies who had never seen a woman student close at hand. Imagine my amusement at being asked whether studying was very difficult; whether I had as yet ventured into the dissecting room; whether my work did not become an awful bore! . . . They would hardly believe I was a

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student because I did not wear bobbed hair and impossible clothes. Among themselves, the ladies talked their Zurich dialect, but spoke what they considered good German to me. One of them invited me to sit down at the tea table with "*Chömmet, chömmet, Frauezimmer.*" We had a common topic of interest — our love of music. . . .'

The Russians did not mix with the other students. Even the girls at the University with whom I was best acquainted avoided all reference to the affairs of their little colony. None the less, I soon discovered that they were divided into two bitterly hostile parties. Every evening there were political meetings where they debated their opinions with extraordinary vehemence and passion. One of them privately confided to me that she thought her fellow countrymen stark mad, and feared their dissensions would end in physical violence.

For a time no Russian went abroad without a revolver. My best friend among the 'Cossack colts' showed me a cute little six-shooter that she carried for self-defense, because some of her fellow-countrymen regarded her as a deserter from the cause. During eight days she did not dare to leave her lodgings for fear of her enemies. Another one of the girls residing in the same house had a complete nervous breakdown. So far as I could learn, the colony was divided into a radical and a moderate group — into terrorists and constitutional reformers. . . .

The trouble came to a climax one fine spring day in 1873. Members of the two parties, after a furious verbal dispute one afternoon in front of the Polytechnic School, fell to belaboring each other with umbrellas and canes. Fortunately they did not use revolvers. About the same time, a mysterious accident occurred in which two Russian students at the Polytechnic were so seriously wounded that they were taken to a hospital — it was said as the result of an explosion while experimenting with bombs.

The University Senate watched these conditions closely, and we knew that something was in the air. Then suddenly, late in June 1873, orders came out of a clear sky, from the Russian Government, directing all students of that nationality at Zurich University to leave the city until the following autumn. Otherwise they would not be allowed to return to Russia, or to practise a profession there. In a moment the students had forgotten their own dissensions. At this time one hundred and forty-five were attending Zurich University, of whom about one hundred were women. They promptly scattered in all directions. I tried to help some — though I knew beforehand it was useless — to secure admission to German Universities. Most them naturally went to Bern, others to Paris and to Geneva.

After their departure, things were noticeably calmer. It was much quieter in the corridors, where our ears had been previously dinned with political arguments and discussions. Only five of us women were left in the clinics. Two of these were Russians, who did not intend to return to their native country.

At length came preparation for our final examinations. Fräulein Sinclair and I would take long walks on Zurichberg, questioning each other on materia medica, and whatever else could be mastered by mere memorizing. I knew that I was no worse than many of the others, who had done fairly well in previous examinations, but there was always that malicious imp, 'accident,' to be feared. I consoled myself with a feeling that when it was all over I should be able to tell myself honestly:

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Of course you could have answered this or that far better, but it will do. Anyway, you have not answered nonsense.

Finally the oral examination. I had a sinking feeling when I was called in, after it, to the conference room where all the professors sat at a long green table. The Rector rose and delivered the verdict. Naturally I must keep my composure, but I was painfully aware that my face wore a perfectly idiotic expression. At last I caught the eye of the youngest professor, who was watching me with an expression of intense amusement. That instantly changed my mood. I was able to make the deep bow then customary with perfect self-control, and in some way to get out the door.

Miss Sinclair and I had both passed well, and we strolled back home together in high spirits.

But one more tedious ceremony must be endured — the formal last act — graduation. There were announcements in the newspapers, and a great gathering in the Aula, which both students and friends from the city attended. A formal procession filed into the Aula, the dignitaries in the lead, and the faculty following, and took seats in the stiff armchairs upon the platform. Then followed the *praelectio*, the defense of thesis, the reading of Latin formulas, which no one heard, and, after a moment's waiting silence, the hum of congratulatory whispering from the audience.

STYLE AS AN ORGANISM

BY OSWALD SPENGLER

[*The following paragraphs are from the first volume of the* Decline and Fall of Western Civilization.]

From *Kölnische Zeitung, January* 31
(Conservative Daily, British-Occupied Territory)

The first writer who detected the organic character of each great period of style was Goethe. In his *Winckelmann* he says of Vellejus Paterculus: 'In his situation, it was not given him to see all art as a vital process that has an imperceptible beginning, a gradual growth, a brilliant maturity, and a slow decline, like any other organism, only in this instance manifested through a multitude of individuals.'

That sentence contains the whole morphology of the history of art. Styles do not follow each other like waves and pulse beats. They have nothing to do with the personality of individual artists or with human will and intention in any form. On the contrary, style determines the type of the artist himself. Style, like civilization, is a primary phenomenon, whether it be the style of arts, religions, philosophies, or of life.

In the same way that nature is a constantly renewed experience of the living man, his *alter ego*, his mirror-image of the world about him, so it is with style. For this reason there can

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be but one style for each distinct civilization. It is an error to characterize mere stages in the life of a style — such as the Romantic, Gothic, Baroque, Rococo, Empire — as independent styles, comparable with, for instance, the Egyptian, the Chinese, or the prehistoric style. Gothic and Baroque are the youth and the old age of the same changing organism of form-ideas: they are, respectively, the maturing and the completely matured style of the West.

Our researches into the history of art have led to false conclusions upon this point, because we lack perspective. We have followed the easiest path rather than the right one, and have designated as independent styles all easily distinguished art-periods.

Our conventional division of styles into ancient, mediæval, and modern has also confused us. In reality, a masterpiece of the Renaissance in its purest form, like the Court of the Farnese Palace, is infinitely closer to the vestibule of St. Patrocles in Soest, to the interior of the Magdeburg Cathedral, or to the grand stairways of the German palaces of the eighteenth century, than to the temples of Pæstum or the Erechtheion.

The same relation exists between Doric and Ionic. For this reason Ionic columns may be used with Doric architectural elements as harmoniously as late Gothic with early Baroque in the Church of St. Laurence of Nuremberg, or late Romantic with late Baroque in the beautiful upper part of the west choir of the Mayence Cathedral. For this reason our eye has not learned to distinguish in Egyptian style the periods corresponding to the Doric and the Gothic youth, or the Ionic and Baroque old age, respectively, of Hellenic and Western European style. We do not see that the same process of development is recorded in the architecture of the Early and the Middle Empire in Egypt which, after the Tenth Dynasty, had mastered perfectly the forms through which it expressed itself.

The task of writing a comparative history of great artistic styles is still to be performed. Since these styles are organic, and are generically related, they all passed through similar life stages.

In each instance we first detect the timid, unpretentious, spontaneous self-expression of a newly awakened soul, still seeking to relate itself to the world, and as yet regarding its own creations as something almost foreign to itself. A childlike timidity is revealed in the buildings of Bishop Bernward of Hildesheim, in the early Christian catacomb paintings, and in the pillar-halls of the early Fourth Dynasty. An art-springtide, a deep presentiment of future fruitfulness, a powerful restraint, intentness, broods over the world, revealing itself in rustic efforts to adorn the first castles and tiny towns of a coming race.

Then follows a jubilant period of free expression, illustrated in the temples of the Fifth Dynasty, with their ornamental reliefs, in the pillared and domed basilicas of the Age of Constantine, and in the full splendor of Gothic architecture. Men comprehend the style of their age; the glory of the consecrated, fully mastered form-language becomes the common property of all, and style ripens into a majestic symbol of the profounder tendencies and destinies of an era.

But the exuberance and exhilaration of youth subside. Doubts and contradictions spring up in the heart of man. The Dionysian-musical hostility to the Apollonic-Doric at the time of the Renaissance, the preference for the Alexandrian to the cheerful, easy-going art of Antioch in the Byzantium of

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450 A.D., both marked periods of revolt and of a more or less successful effort to slough off the old.

But after passing through this period, the middle-manhood of an historic style begins. The great cities, that have by this time become the characteristic social unit, express their soul life in a culture that gives its own content to style. Elaborate symbolism gradually disappears. The riot of superhuman figures vanishes. Gentler and more urbane forms of art displace the grand art of monumental architecture and statuary; even in Egypt modeling and frescoes exhibit greater freedom. The artist appears. He consciously designs what hitherto has sprung from the soil. The living individual becomes conscious of his purpose and liberates himself from the shackles of local legends and mystic codes; he faces the world with an interrogation, and strives to express himself in his new mood. This begins with the Baroque, as when Michelangelo, in wild rebellion against the limits of his age and of his art, attacked St. Peter's dome; as in the period of Justinian I, that gave us after 520 A.D. the Mosque of St. Sophia and the mosaic decorations of the domed basilicas of Ravenna; in the Egypt of the early Twelfth Dynasty, whose glory the Greeks personified under the name of Sesostris; and about 600 B.C. in Hellas, where Aeschylus tells us, at a later period, what Hellenic architecture might and must have expressed at this decisive epoch of its development.

Following upon this comes the golden autumn of a style. The soul tries to externalize in beautiful forms for a last time the bliss which it feels in its moment of complete maturity. The 'return to nature' that thinkers and poets crave, for which Rousseau, Gorgias, and contemporaries of corresponding stages of other civilizations yearned, betrays itself in the sphere of art as a tender longing, a pensive presentiment of the end. Intellectual clarity, cheerful urbanity, and the sadness of farewell: it is those last colorful decades in the life of a civilization that Talleyrand referred to when he said: 'He who did not live before 1789 does not know the loveliness of life.'

Such a free, sunny, refined art existed about 1850 B.C., in the Age of Sesostris III. A similar short moment of happy, satisfied attainment appeared under Pericles, and gave us the marvelous glories of the Acropolis and the works of Phidias and Zeuxis. We find it again a thousand years later, at the time of the Ommiad Caliphs, rapturously expressing itself in the great masterpieces of Moorish architecture, whose slender columns and horseshoe arches merge almost imperceptibly with the light arabesques and stalactites above them. Again, we find it nearly a thousand years later in the music of Haydn and Mozart, in the shepherd groups of Meissner porcelain, in the pictures of Watteau and Guardi, and here in Germany, in the works of our great builders at Dresden, Potsdam, Würzburg, and Vienna.

Thereupon style sinks into senescence. To the highly spiritual and perishable art forms of the Erechtheion or the Dresden Keep, succeeds a languid and senile classicism. A groping backward toward the empty, outlived, archaic and primitive forms of the past, a fumbling eclecticism that tries to galvanize into life the dead forms of an earlier era, marks the end. Semiseriousness and questionable integrity dominate the world of art. That is where Europe is to-day. We are merely dawdling over dead forms, deluding ourselves with vain illusions of a living art.

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LISZT IN ROME

BY COUNTESS MARIE WALEWSKA

[*The author of these reminiscences is a granddaughter of Napoleon I.*]

From *Vossische Zeitung, January 23*
(Berlin Liberal Daily)

Few men have enjoyed lives of such uninterrupted triumph as Franz Liszt. His playing intoxicated the senses and completely carried away his audiences. His remarkable technique, such as up to that time had never been known, was not mere virtuosity, but the physical medium through which the soul of music functioned. I had heard and read so much of this famous master that, though only a child, I looked forward to meeting him with intense anticipation and excitement.

Liszt spent the winter of 1868 at Rome, lodging on the Forum in a building next to a Franciscan cloister. He received Friday afternoons. On such occasions admirers from all parts of the world were sure to be present. It would be difficult to imagine a more genial host. He always wore a soutane. Abbé Liszt, as he was called, had received the three consecrations of a chaplain. His gentle manner harmonized with his clerical rank, for he had none of the ways of a society man. He was the personification of kindliness, always sympathetic with our crude inexperience, always interested to learn what progress we were making in our music, and so genuine and sincere that he placed us at once at ease, as if he were an old and trusted friend. We forgot how great he was; he won our confidence so that we conversed with him as with our closest acquaintances.

Liszt would often play at these Friday receptions. He once said jokingly that he would give us something only on the condition that one of his guests set him a good example first. Naturally dead silence fell upon the party. No one dared to venture. Finally a Polish lady, the beautiful Countess P——, sat down at the piano and played easily and modestly *Wenn ich ein Stern am Himmel wäre.* That was just the introduction that our host wanted. He rose, seated himself at the piano, threw back his hair with a quick jerk of the head as was his custom, and played the same piece with a wealth of melody that impressed his rendering indelibly upon the memory of his hearers. Then, without moving from his position, he gave us from this impromptu platform the history of Chopin's music, illustrating his remarks from time to time by a few bars from his compositions, and ending with a brilliant improvisation from Chopin motifs. His variations danced like a photosphere around the sun of Chopin.

With what warmth he spoke of Chopin! After all these years I still remember his words: —

> No one understands Chopin, for everyone tries to interpret him after his own fashion, and therefore everyone invariably distorts him. Chopin was not a weakling, or a man of effeminate temperament. On the contrary, he was full of virile energy and aggressiveness. He had an exceedingly fine sensibility, and yet was not sentimental.

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To prove this, Abbé Liszt played Chopin's Mazurka Op. 6, No. 3, with verve and truly military swing.

Since he was a man of the finest taste, Chopin always exhibited a sensitive appreciation of rhythm and measure; but every enthusiastic admirer of the great composer imagines that he paid no attention to time and indulged himself in all kinds of miracles. These enthusiastic admirers try to show that Chopin disregarded time, and therefore nearly all of them distort his compositions. I have often heard him speak of this personally. It was he who taught me to appreciate himself.

Then he went into the little study opening off the reception room, where he had a veritable museum of mementos of his friends, and brought us a cast of Chopin's hand, taken in his lifetime. It was a delicate hand, but — rather remarkably — the tips of the fingers were not pointed, but blunt. The knuckles in the centre of the fingers were remarkably formed — they suggested a man of many-sided talents. They had the simplicity of a child, and the profundity of a sage — firmness combined with unusual softness.

When Liszt showed us this hand of the master, a memento of the friend of his youth, his eyes shone with tears. The past was vividly present to him, and he began to talk of Chopin's personality; of his beautiful character, his manifold talents, his remarkable gift for imitating any voice, from the cry of an infant to the deepest bass, and the comic incidents that sometimes ensued. Chopin liked to steal out of a room unobserved, quickly disguise himself, and come back conversing in a voice so changed that no one recognized him. He would laugh merrily over such an exploit.

Almost every day, when Liszt took his usual walk upon the Pincio, he would call on the Russian Princess Wittgenstein. Rumor had it that they were once sweethearts. Now, in their old age, they both found themselves living in Rome, and devoting themselves to religious matters. The Princess was writing a treatise upon Buddhism, which Liszt described to us with great admiration. He was composing his oratorio, 'St. Elizabeth,' and later the oratorio, 'St. Francis of Assisi.' Liszt referred to these two oratorios as the best things he had ever done. Often he would dip into his memories and tell us stories of his early youth. He spoke of his trip to Paris and mentioned incidentally what a remarkable reception he had there. Then his mind would suddenly dart off to a journey across the broad steppes of Podolia. Once, when he was carried away by the flow of his narrative, he made the following confession to the beautiful Countess P——: —

For more than twenty years something has weighed on my conscience. Once when I was stopping with your father-in-law, a very interesting historical atlas lay in my room. Every day I spent a long time poring over it, so that the servant, shortly before I left, put the beautiful book in my trunk in order to gratify me. When I found the atlas there, my first impulse was to return it to the owner, but the temptation was too great. Every day I postponed sending it and every day my conscience pricked me worse. So now I must make my confession to you. I want it off my conscience at last.

On another occasion, Liszt was recounting his memories of his childhood, and spoke with much feeling of his incomparable mother, and of his deep religious faith in his tender years — a faith that he never completely lost. Though the spiritual flame might have grown dimmer with the lapse of time, it still glimmered in the recesses of his soul, and after many years he felt a longing to draw closer to God. For this reason he selected Rome as his abode, because here the future

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seemed more real, seemed more closely associated with the past through the present.

From the windows of his residence, Liszt overlooked both pagan and Christian Rome. This was the undertone that gave quality to his compositions. He was diligently studying Latin, the language of the Church, which he must master in order to receive the fourth consecration.

Although his hair was already gray, he did not seem an old man. His eyes sparkled like those of a youth. He was alertly observant of everything about him. He would point out to his Friday guests with unfailing enthusiasm the panorama from his windows. These physical monuments of the past afforded inexhaustible themes for conversation; and Liszt had a wonderful faculty for calling up before the vision of his fashionable guests from all parts of the world, as with a magic wand, the vivid pictures of ancient and mediæval times that clustered in his fancy around these ruins. Their vanished greatness was always in his mind a symbol of the transitoriness of all earthly things.

In the midst of a lively conversation, Liszt would sit down at the piano and improvise upon the mood of the moment. On one occasion he wanted to show his guests the quality of a piano that had been sent him as a present from America. He was as delighted with it as a child with a new toy. He had a habit of asking his listeners questions while he was playing: how they liked it, whether he was interpreting the melody to their taste. Then he would stop and talk of music and composers.

Though Liszt was a fast walker, he never missed seeing an acquaintance on the street. I remember that once when we were still quite children we heard a familiar voice behind us. We turned around and saw the great composer, who had stopped us to ask how we were and whether our lap-dog had recovered from a recent illness. I also recall how Liszt once appeared unexpectedly at a concert where one of his fellow countrywomen, a little Hungarian lady, was to play. The poor little artist was dreadfully embarrassed when she saw Liszt; and I recall as if it were to-day how the great artist stepped up to her with kind, fatherly concern, and how she seized his hand and pressed it to her lips. It was as if a pure spark of divine love illumined the faces of both.

After Liszt had spent many happy days in Rome, he began to make frequent trips away. Later, when the city became the capital of Italy, he changed his residence to Weimar.

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THE MATADOR'S LAST FIGHT

BY KEITH GARVIE

[The following graphic account of the death of Manuel Granero, a famous matador, at Madrid last May, is from the pen of a young Melburnian who witnessed that tragic event.]

From *Stead's Review, January* 6
(MELBOURNE CURRENT-AFFAIRS SEMIMONTHLY)

THE hot sun beat down into the Puerta del Sol. Early in the afternoon crowds of men collected — men who for most of the week had gone unshaven, but were now cleaned and dressed as became any decent Spaniard on a Sunday.

The 'Gate of the Sun' was the centre of animation. Beginning gradually, a restless movement manifested itself. Like an oncoming thunderstorm it was at first like a slight breath of air coming across the desert. Motors, cabs, and trams then began to fill. The spectator felt himself being drawn into the human flood.

From all directions came more people, all bent on getting to — somewhere up there!

Here and there along the route, some of those walking would rest awhile at cafés and sip Vermouth and soda, and one heard the words '*corrida de toros*' spoken with quick, excited gestures. A motor full of matadors dashed by — it was to the Bullfight that all Madrid seemed to be surging.

It was to be a great day, for was not the young idol, Granero, to show his skill?

This young and handsome matador had been stirring all Spain with his daring, and to-day would show the people of Madrid how gracefully he could handle an infuriated bull.

Another turn, and there ahead stands out the great Plaza de Toros! Flags wave from the top of the building as if fluttering with excitement.

Sellers of sweets, programmes, and fans, filling the air with their cries, crowd in among the people, who are squeezing into the entrance gates. All are intent on finding their places. This done, they settle down to read their programmes, and discuss the coming events.

See over there? Those two beautiful women — the one with the beautiful white mantilla; the other in all black — there, behind those great shawls, which they have spread over the rail. How the sunlight plays with the silk, making it flash like burnished gold, and the flowers worked on them look as if they were blooming open to the warm kisses of the sun. Yes, they are said to be betrothed to two of the matadors, and it is whispered that Granero will play to-day for those flowers held by the one with the white mantilla. Women in plainer dress sitting around the arena gaze with a longing and jealous pang, wishing they had the power to draw a matador's eye.

Quickly the place fills. An attendant has just finished watering the arena, and thousands of eyes shine with suppressed excitement, and fix their gaze on the door whence will come the matadors and the bulls. Two couriers dash in on horseback, ride around a few times, salute the President in his box, and smartly gallop out.

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To the blare of the brass band the doors are thrown open. The matadors march out in procession with their colored capes rolled under their arms. Headed by the couriers, they march three deep, each espada leading his team; following behind come the picadors mounted on their poor old steeds, holding up their spiked sticks like standards. Then come the attendants, with their team of horses, whose task it is to drag out the slain bulls.

A murmur goes up from the crowd, and swells into a roar of welcome. The procession crosses the arena, halts before the President's box; saluting him, they break away, the picadors taking their places at intervals around the arena; the matadors carelessly stroll to the barrier, open their brightly colored capes, and glance up to the sea of faces around them.

A careless nod here and there to friends, and a longer glance — perhaps a message of love — toward one of the colored shawls. A murmur of approval mingles with the heat.

There are six bulls to be killed to-day; each espada, working with his team of matadors, is expected to kill twice.

The trumpet peals out. A gate is thrown open with a crash, and in rushes a bull.

This first bull was not a particularly good one; in time he was killed and dragged out. There had been good work shown, but to-day the crowd were interested more in Granero, and waited for his turn with growing excitement.

The second bull gave delight to the spectators, as he charged into the arena and caught sight of the horses; before the matadors could draw his attention to them, he had charged a horse, and sent it with a crash against the barrier. The unprepared picador half fell, half vaulted over the same barrier to safety. This was great fun for the crowd, and they yelled and jumped excitedly. The matadors, running in, caught the bull's attention, and the fight continued in the usual way.

A strange silence spread over the audience. They were to see Granero work.

A trumpet pealed out — the gates were thrown open. Out crashed a magnificent beast. '*El toro!*' breathed the crowd. Matadors ran toward the animal, and as he charged at them, turned and ran to the barrier, over which they vaulted to safety.

The great beast became maddened more and more by running forms and flying capes.

Signing to his men to stand aside, Granero advanced toward the bull with his cape spread before him, and the beast, already worked up to fever pitch, dashed toward him, all its wonderful body tensed for action. Lowering its head, it charged that tantalizing colored thing, only to find it had swung away in a graceful wave. The bull was carried off its feet with the force of its charge; but, turning with remarkable quickness, charged again and again, always to find its enemy wheeling aside. The cape circled around Granero like a ballet skirt, as he nimbly stepped aside and around.

A Media Veronica! A Buena Veronica! Now '*a Recorte!*' The brightly colored cape seemed alive! Maddened at each turn, this great bull turned, twisted, and charged as if possessed of the agility of a mountain goat.

It was a delightful display of dash and grace. The great crowd cheered each turn with surging delight.

A tense, short silence as the bull charged, and, as Granero safely stepped aside, the swell of shouts was deafening.

Like the breathing of a giant, the crowd sounded its emotion with the movements of its idol.

Leaving the bull to his matadors for a while, Granero rested, and smilingly

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acknowledged the cheers of the audience.

A trumpet call sounded the end of the cape play. Picadors urged their horses forward and called to the bull. With a sickening thud a horse went down before the charge, the picador rolling away as matadors ran in, waving their capes. The horse tried to rise, but with a scream fell back, its entrails oozing from a gash in its belly.

Other horses were urged forward, but the bull refused to charge them.

A banderillero runs to the centre of the arena, holding aloft two darts with barbed heads, their shafts decorated with colored paper. Stamping his foot, he calls loudly to the bull. He holds the darts in the air, awaiting the charge. The bull, annoyed by this daring, hurls itself at him, and, just as it lowers its head to throw this new enemy, it feels the sting of the darts entering its flesh, as the man nimbly skips aside.

This placing of the banderillero is repeated three times. The maddened bull runs around shaking its head, trying to throw off those irritating, stinging things from its neck.

The trumpet again peals out! Granero steps forward, flings aside his colored cape, takes from an attendant a *muleta* — a square piece of scarlet cloth. Another attendant runs forward with a sword. He curtly waves aside his men, and advances slowly toward the bull, who stands still and eyes him with suspicion. Its flanks are streaming blood; its tongue hangs loosely from its mouth; it paws the sand with impotent rage.

It made a move as if to turn away, but suddenly charged.

Granero was ready for this charge, and swept the cloth over its head as he swayed aside; he then gradually, with great skill, played the bull around in circles, tiring it more and more at each turn.

Roar after roar went up from the crowd at each clean movement of the espada, as he bewildered the animal, who eventually stood still, gazing at him with hatred.

Lowering the muleta until it touched the ground, Granero drew the sword from beneath it, and stepping forward pointed the gleaming blade at the spot which meant death to the bull. For some moments the bull and man stood facing each other, Granero a picture of grace, his gorgeous costume framing his form. Beads of sweat stood out on his face, glistening in the fierce sunlight.

His practised eye read the bull's thoughts, as its dull gaze brightened. The crowd seemed hardly to breathe as it watched Granero poising with outstretched sword.

As the bull prepared to charge, Granero met its tensed body, plunged his sword to the hilt.

The great body collapsed in a heap. The crowd cheered madly; hats and cigars rained on their favorite as he ran around the arena, taking the applause, often good-naturedly throwing hats back.

He had done what was expected of him, and his next fight was waited for impatiently.

The fourth bull and matadors were received with a good-natured spirit; but there was one man — one favorite — who filled the day.

The excitement of the crowd was at breaking point as the trumpet sounded for the fifth bull, which is generally the finest and strongest of the day.

The magnificent beast came tearing into the arena like a tornado, his murderous horns standing high and sharp.

There was no carelessness of the matadors now; they were ready for every move.

Granero's work even excelled his previous efforts; the crowd on the sunny side forgot to hold up their paper fans

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to shield the sun's strong rays from their faces, as they watched their idol twisting and turning. His lithe body swayed like a sapling in the breeze; his bright costume, with its trimmings, flashed in the sun like a bird's bright plumage.

It was wonderful work. The crowd yelled and yelled its appreciation after each movement.

The time came, after the usual procedure of the fight, for Granero to face the bull — to death.

He was swelled with success, and, taking a risk, played the bull close into the barrier between the President's box and those great, colored shawls.

A charge! A flash of the red cloth! A body in the air!

No one could see just how it was done. Granero's team could not get in to help him, because he had allowed the bull to hem him too much. Twice he was picked up and dashed about by the bull. Only then could other matadors get the infuriated animal away. Everyone stood. A great cry went up.

Matadors and attendants rushed to Granero. Another espada took charge of the bull, and killed it without many of the excited audience noticing.

A signal, waved from where Granero had been taken, told that he was dead.

Thousands of handkerchiefs waved toward the President's box; a demand was yelled that this must be the end for to-day.

The great crowd, all talking, quickly melted away, some quivering in their excitement, some silent with moist eyes.

A wonderful day — yes; but our idol has fought his last.

ALL SOULS' EVE

BY F. ORTIGA ANCKERMANN

From *Nosotros, December*
(Buenos Aires Literary Review)

The quiet little village of Uquia, cradled in the valley of Humahuaca — a neighborhood rich in legendary lore — consists of a group of adobe houses, distinguished from most of the settlements of the region by the fact that they stand apart in gardens and orchards, embowered in fruit trees and surrounded by patches of alfalfa, maize, and wheat. At the centre of the village is an open field overrun with weeds, which serves as a plaza, and fronting on it is a tiny chapel with a tower.

During the winter this village is a deserted, dreary place; but with the first signs of spring the whole valley suddenly clothes itself in verdure and blossoms until it looks like a native basket-tray of flowers, bordered by the gray frame of the neighboring hills. The sky is the most brilliant of blues, and in the recesses of the surrounding rocks and the secluded glades of the valley bottom large fragrant roses bloom — miracles of gorgeous color. Whenever a rustic laborer chances upon one of these magnificent blossoms by the wayside, he eagerly plucks it, like a gift from Heaven, inhales its fragrant perfume, and carries it off to lay before the

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image of the Virgin, to twine in the hair of his *imilla*, — his rustic sweetheart, — or to lay upon the grave of some departed dear one.

Among my village childhood recollections none is more enduring than my memory of All Souls' Eve. During the preceding afternoon the village lanes, ordinarily deserted, would be filled with peasants, silently passing to and fro — the women with their heads wrapped in black shawls, carrying vases of water or brilliant bouquets of wild flowers, and the men gravely bearing garlands of purple violets, yellow broom, or snowy jasmine. For these last weeks of the dying year are the appointed time for village mourning. Each inhabitant then sets up in his house a modest altar and goes to the church to pray. The church remains opon for a few hours only, and then it is closed, because the good priest, *tata cura*, visits the village only two or three times a year, or when he is summoned to give absolution to some dying person.

As evening descends, families and friends assemble in little domestic groups. There is always a little table draped like an altar, covered with flowers and candles whose dim and flickering light but half illumines the black bunting that drapes the wall and intensifies the natural darkness of the low-ceilinged room. The grave-faced inmates sit around this in a semicircle, on raw-hide chairs.

Flowers and candles have been placed beneath the images of the Virgin and Child and of certain Saints. There are also invariably 'offerings' — little loaves of bread, clumsily modeled into the figure of a human being or an animal. These are dedicated to the memory of the dead, and are divided up among the family the following day. Above the black bunting are a few lithographs of religious subjects, grouped around a crucifix. Symbolical crowns adorn the sides of the table. Upon the latter is a little dish containing holy water. Each one present dips the fingers of his right hand in this for a moment, and kneels before the humble altar while the others present join in muttering an inaudible prayer.

Even now, when I visit the village, I always join in this rite, which is virtually obligatory. If I refused to do so, my host would be both indignant and compassionate; for he would expect the soul of the deceased to punish me speedily for my impiety. But by joining this little observance, I am supposed to win favor with the spirit of the departed, who in return will intercede with God for me during my prayers.

From time to time a new visitor comes in and another withdraws, so the number present remains about the same. The host serves brandy and wine, and the *coca* pouch passes from hand to hand. The favorite dish of *picante*, reeking with garlic, is soon brought in. This is the signal for the ceremony to take on a more social character. Men and women converse in low voices, with their lips close to each other's ears. Little by little, the flush of liquor rises to their faces, as their talk dwells upon the dreadful mysteries of life and death. The black mourning kerchiefs knotted about swarthy necks, the occasional glistening of tears in meditative eyes, the odor of candles, and the dark garb of those present, suggest a primitive and ancient Christian conventicle in Roman catacombs.

Before the clock strikes twelve, a maid appears with a pitcher from which rises an appetizing vapor. She looks unusually pretty in her new gown and smiles as she gazes around on faces already dulled with drink. Asking each one for his glass, she fills it with *pata de cabra*, an aromatic rum-toddy, hot from the hearth. Her face and arms are still flushed from the heat of the fire.

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I recall on one such occasion that as the daughter of the family was about to withdraw, after serving the pata de cabra, she noticed a man whom she had not waited on, huddled in a dark corner. She drew near and saw that he was asleep.

'Wake up! Wake up!' she said, touching him timidly on the shoulder.

He raised his eyes and stared at her stupidly. Clearly he was much the worse for liquor. His hat was tilted forward over his eyes. But the maid recognized him instantly — he was a fellow who had pursued her with his attentions for more than a year, but whom she had not seen since their last violent quarrel. With a trembling hand she hastened to fill his glass, taking it from him without a word.

'What's all this for?' he said, without accepting the filled glass, rising unsteadily to his feet.

'What should it be for? Take it.'

'For me? Tell me, are you always going to hate me?'

'Are you going to take it or not?'

'You were always heartless. Last year I came here on this same night —'

'What's that? If you are not taking it, I'm going.'

'I say — I came to pray for your poor departed mother — for the peace of her soul, and that I might be such a man that you would care for me as I care for you. And what is the result? You treated me a few days later worse than a dog — don't you remember?'

'Yes, because you tried to kiss me.'

'Sure! Forgive me. And now I have come again to pray to your mother. Tell me if you care for me.'

'Stupid! I love no one.' She turned her back on him.

'Eh? Going away like that? Am I not invited?'

'That's as you wish,' and turning impatiently she took the glass, which he had emptied at a single draught.

'Thanks. Do you know I am going?'

'Going? I'm glad.'

'Glad? You'll never see me again.'

'Good riddance.'

'What's the matter with you? Say, here, you deserve —' and he took a threatening step toward her, his eyes shining white in his yellow face.

'*Jesús!*' exclaimed the girl, drawing back in fright.

The other guests interrupted their gossip and exorcisms for a moment.

'Here! Here! Look out, man! Consider where you are!' several shouted, turning in their seats, but without rising. The girl had an impulse to flee, but restrained herself.

'Why don't you go to the church and toll the bell?' she said. 'It will soon be too late. There's no one to toll. Go.'

'Yes, I think I'll go. Who said I was n't? I'm going now.' And the youth quietly put on his hat.

'Good idea. Along with you.'

'I'll toll for the soul of the deceased, though she can't hear me. I'll do it because you asked me. Next year you'll have to toll for me.'

'Holy Virgin! Are n't you afraid to talk like that?'

'Afraid of what? If you don't love me, I 'll — I promise you — they will have to toll for me!' And he burst out of the room.

'God save us! What is it, my daughter?' asked the old woman. 'What is the matter with that madman?'

'Nothing much. He's been drinking. He said he was going to toll the church bell, and is gone.'

'I supposed Don Antonio's sons did that. But no matter, it's time.'

'Going there? Bless my soul!'

'He must have a tryst with the Devil. He's doomed, poor fellow.' And the old woman kissed a crucifix.

'How doomed, ma'am?'

'How? You don't know about the fellow who was hanged?'

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'How hanged?'

'The fellow who hanged himself five years ago or more, in the church tower. Since then anyone who tolls the bell alone on All Souls' Eve dies within a few weeks of a mysterious disease. They say this is the vengeance of the wretch's soul.'

The maid turned pale. . . .

After a broken sleep she sat up feverishly in her bed. She did not know what time it was. She was the only one in the family who had retired. Already the gray light of dawn was peeping through the shutters, and as if to accompany it came the double stroke of the tolling church bell: 'tan — tan.' The girl was conscious of an undefinable pang of sadness, and without knowing why rose from her bed.

Drawing near the window where the light was brightest, she began combing her hair before her mirror. Later, she dressed herself in black, except for a string of yellow *huilcas* or rosary beads, and her *tapado* or embroidered wrap. In the yellow light of early dawn, in that humble cabin, she looked like a vision of spring. She ran on tiptoe to the neighboring room, where the ceremonies had lasted through the night. The rosy sunlight played strange tricks with its interior. Several of the guests, including her *tata*, — father, — were still sound asleep. Others had just awakened and were gazing around stupidly, as if hardly conscious where they were. All were heavy-headed with the after-effects of drinking the previous night. The candles on the table had gone out, and the flowers had begun to wilt. The black drapery that had seemed so impressive and solemn the night before was now a simple rag upon the wall. Even the lithographs of Saints and the Crucifix had lost their awesome look and had become again like familiar articles of furniture.

The girl returned to her room, and opening the door stepped out into the yard. The clear morning air, sparkling like wine, bore to her ears a second time the two metallic strokes of the tolling bell: 'tan — tan.' The neighboring cabins, the meadows, and the distant mountains were all aglow with rosy light, like opals dropped from Heaven.

In the still dim obscurity of the barnyard a cock clapped his wings and crowed salutation to the day. Slowly the girl walked through the yard into the orchard. The apple and cherry trees shed showers of dew upon her as she passed. The wall beyond was low, so that she sprang on it with ease. Just then she saw the bells swing in the tower, and their metallic strokes seemed to reverberate in her very bosom. The church was thirty yards or more beyond. The bell-ringer was invisible.

The girl remained standing for ten minutes in this position when suddenly the bell-ringer appeared in one of the archways and looked in her direction. It was the young man of the previous night. She quickly hid her face behind her embroidered wrap, the same she was wearing the day the lad tried to kiss her. Springing down from her perch, and indifferent to the savage thrust of a thorn, she ran like a deer along the wet garden path, suppressing a mischievous laugh.

At the same time the people of the village, surprised at what they supposed was a call to Matins, hastened to prepare for morning Mass. Those who were soundest asleep imagined they had been dreaming. But the wide-awake remarked to each other with an air of sober pleasure:

'Must be that the good Father came late last night, or at daybreak this morning. So we are to have Mass? Thanks be to Heaven.'

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SOME FORGOTTEN VICTORIAN NOVELISTS

BY PERCY STEPHENS

From the *National Review, January*
(London Conservative Monthly)

It is now more than half a century ago that the greatest of the Victorian novelists found himself 'in the little old town of Coire, or Chur, in the Grisons,' where the spectacle of a lazy, slouching boy, or hobbledehoy, immersed in the perusal of a novel, furnished him with the argument for the first, and perhaps the most perfect, of his *Roundabout Papers*. He adds a delightful vignette of this idle Swiss lad, dead to everything save the romance he holds in his 'large, lazy hands,' leaning over the bridge that spans the rushing Plissur.

The deduction that Thackeray draws from this melancholy spectacle is twofold: first, that all people with healthy literary tastes love novels — wherein I heartily agree with him; and secondly, that overindulgence in them in youth spoils the taste for them in after-life, even as a schoolboy outgrows his love for pudding and jelly.

Let us quote the Master's own words: —

> As for that naughty, lazy boy at Chur, I doubt whether he will like novels when he is thirty years of age. He is taking too great a glut of them now. He is eating jelly until he will be sick. He will get weary of sweets as boys of private schools grow — or used to grow, for I have done growing some little time myself and the practice may have ended too — as private-school boys used to grow tired of their pudding before their mutton at dinner.

How true this is, few can deny. Every man — I am not so sure about women — who confines his reading exclusively to novels, becomes in time cloyed, 'fed up' — in the slang of to-day — with them. Even as his body requires change of diet to keep it in health, so does his mind demand something more satisfying than constant fiction to interest it in literature; and unless he can find an antidote in biography or travel or science his lot as a reader is a miserable one.

Moreover, the enormous present output of fiction further tends to nauseate him, even as a too bountifully heaped plate discourages a delicate appetite. He becomes hypercritical, *raffiné*, to use an expressive French idiom; and I suppose it is due to this that so many modern novelists deem it necessary to season their work with the grossest of *gros sel*. I vow that within the last few years I have read a score of novels that in the days of my youth, could they have found a publisher, would have procured their authors a most wholesome term of imprisonment. Tennyson was farseeing when he predicted the 'abyss of Zolaism,' for decadence in the standard of the English novel dates for certain from the appearance of the agreeable works of the seer of Médan.

Yet, speaking as one who has fully proved the truth of Thackeray's assertion, — for I rarely find a modern work of fiction to hold my attention, — I must equally admit that the wind is so far tempered to my fellow sufferers that we can find a corrective in those romances which used to entrance us — ah! how many years ago. For even as I have seen a gourmet at the Club turn

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from *pêches Melba* and ask for apple-dumpling, so does the jaded novel-reader revert with relief to the wholesome fare of his youth, and find therein a never-failing satisfaction. And here I do not allude to the great masters of fiction of the Victorian or pre-Victorian era, — the Scotts, Thackerays, Dickenses, Brontës, and the like, — but to those minor novelists whose works, without attraction for a generation that can find amusement and instruction in Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Compton Mackenzie, now only lurk unsuspected on the dusty upper shelves of provincial circulating libraries, or, until Armageddon burst on us, were scrupulously cited in the catalogues of Tauchnitz.

It is now a very great many years since a little company of travelers found itself on a broiling August afternoon in a train of the Eastern Railway of France, which was jogging along to Switzerland after the leisurely fashion of Continental expresses of that day. The party consisted of three ladies of varying ages and a boy — a horrid, tiresome, restless British schoolboy; and I need say no more to enlist my readers' sympathy with his companions. Nor should a meed of pity be denied to the urchin himself; it was not by his wish that he had been torn from the cricket-fields of his summer holidays to improve his mind by foreign travel, which had already lost its first glamour for him, and hot, fidgety, and ill at ease, he could neither rest himself, nor allow his relatives to do so.

I suppose it was as a last resource that one of them finally offered him the 'yellow-backed' novel which she had destined for her own delectation on the journey, and which the boy accepted suspiciously, not to say ungraciously. The picture on its cover, a man resembling a dissenting minister standing between two angels, led him to suspect a class of literature for which he had scant affection, but he grudgingly accepted the loan with an inward reservation not to read more of the book than he cared to. But he had scarce perused a dozen pages ere a delightful peace began to reign in that hot, stuffy railway-carriage; dead to his surroundings he forgot fatigue, discomfort, and heat; he could scarce be induced to look up from the book to catch his first glimpse of a 'snow-mountain'; and when he went to bed that night in the old Schweitzerhof at Lucerne the volume was placed under his pillow in order that he might resume his reading as soon as he should wake next morning. That boy was myself, and the book Henry Kingsley's *Ravenshoe*. *Ay de mi!* — this happened nearly fifty years ago, yet my affection for this admirable novel is as fresh as ever.

Nor is this a matter for astonishment, for to my mind it contains every element that appeals to the reader. I admit the rather threadbare foundation — the changing of children at nurse — on which the story rests; but in all other respects it fulfils every requirement of fiction. Do you demand incident — it is there in profusion; knowledge of human nature treated with a master hand — every character in the book, save perhaps one, is lifelike; pathos such as Dickens never excelled — you have it in the story of the little shoeblack; an admirable picture of society from highest to lowest — it is equally at your service; while, almost best of all, the book is replete with humor, healthy, natural, and yet never farcical.

The weak character in the book is, I think, Ellen, and the weak point of the story her reticence as to the secret of her brother's birthright; but the general combination of the plot is so well carried out that these minor defects escape any but the most critical analy-

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sis. As to the other characters in the book there is not one we have not met in real life, except, of course, Lord Saltire, whose type passed away with him; but the rest of them are with us yet. Lords Welter and Hainault are still to be found in the ranks of the British aristocracy; John Marston still takes a double first at Oxford, and then goes to work in the London slums; Cuthbert Ravenshoe, and alas! Father Mackworth, are still turned out from Douai or similar institutions; and as for dear old Lady Ascot, I myself, as a shy, awkward lad, once found myself next to her at dinner and received during the progress of the meal some excellent advice against the pitfalls of Ritualism and a tip for the Chester Cup.

No writer has ever been able to maintain a uniform standard of excellence, and Henry Kingsley forms no exception to the rule. Indeed, I frankly admit that some of his novels are but indifferent stuff, in which he carries to excess the somewhat irritating didactic style of his brother Charles; yet I venture to think that few novelists have bequeathed to posterity a more delightful quartette of romances than *Ravenshoe*, *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, *The Hillyars and the Burtons*, and *Austin Elliott*. Shame it is that the present generation should need to be reminded of their excellence. Next to *Ravenshoe* I would rank *Austin Elliott*. In fiction, I know few more lovable characters than the hero of the tale and his hapless friend, Lord Charles Barty, nor a more tragic episode than the latter's death when Austin sees the body of the man he loved with a love passing that of women, carried away in a baker's cart from the scene of the duel he should have fought himself. Equally terrible, too, is the picture of Austin sitting by his sleeping friend's bed on the morning of the duel, knowing he must rouse him to go forth and fight, and dreading to do so; then remembering how he had once read in 'some blackguard book about prize-fighting' of how the men who train the prize-fighters wake them of a morning by opening the window; of how he himself resorts to the same method, and of how the look of affection in Lord Charles's eyes as he wakes fades into one of horror as he suddenly remembers what lies before him.

Perhaps the most perfect and delightful character in the book is the dog Robin, who followed his master to Millbank Prison, and sat outside the door 'panting and snapping at the flies.' He at all events is not overdrawn, as anyone who has ever owned a real Scots collie can testify.

It is sometimes urged that Henry Kingsley portrays his aristocrats with too lenient a pen; but it must be equally admitted that he is no less kind to his plebeians, in proof of which, I think, he is the only author I can call to mind who has a good word for Thackeray's special detestation, a footman, or, if you prefer it, a flunkey — a distinction of much delicacy. Indeed, to me the great charm of Henry Kingsley's writing lies in its lovableness, for he usually contrives, if not to enlist our sympathy with, at least to excite our pity for, his villains, and to show that human nature is not all bad. As for his aristocrats, he probably portrayed them as he found them: he mixed much in the inner life of great families and knew their secrets, for it was his vocation in life to hold in check the ghost that to some of them is the price they must pay for their greatness — I mean the particular one that used to haunt Lord Steyne.

If Henry Kingsley were too kind to his aristocrats, the same cannot be said of his equally forgotten contemporary, Anthony Trollope, who, though by no means insensible himself to the

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attractions of rank and position, seemed to take a mischievous pleasure in stripping some of the fine feathers off his fine birds, and giving glimpses of the dull underlying plumage. Indeed, next to Thackeray, who admittedly influenced him, I think he was one of the first novelists to divest lords and great folk of the glamour, as a class apart, that still surrounded them fifty years ago, and depict them as commonplace mortals.

Trollope has been styled the apostle of the middle classes; and, while I fail to see any great stigma in the title, I consider it undeserved, for his descriptions of all ranks of society are excellent. That they are sometimes unnecessarily prolix must be admitted, as might be expected of a writer who waited on no inspiring afflatus to put pen to paper, but deliberately set himself the task of producing a minimum number of pages every day, and by sheer grit and hard work achieved both fame and fortune. His reputation, of course, was made by his Barsetshire novels; and it would be indeed regrettable if they become entirely lost sight of, for more admirable pictures of English country life sixty years ago it would be hard to find. The most perfect of them is, I think, *The Small House at Allington;* yet I dare say it seems incredible to the youth of the present generation that there was once a time when young ladies wept over the sorrows of poor Lily Dale, and young gentlemen's fists clenched sympathetically when they read of Johnny Eames knocking the despicable Crosbie into the bookstall at Paddington Station.

Next to the Barsetshire chronicles I would place *Phineas Finn* and *Phineas Redux*, which describe excellently the political world to which Trollope himself aspired, but which he was never fated to enter; while, despite its unnecessary length, *Can You Forgive Her?* is a capital novel, full of humor — of the pawky or dry variety — and incident. Trollope's dialogue, if too spun out at times, is admirable, and his occasional hunting scenes are the best I know in fiction, being true to life and not exaggerated.

Another almost equally prolific contemporary of Trollope's appears to be even more forgotten; and yet I refuse to believe that even the present generation has never heard of Wilkie Collins, and can find no pleasure in *The Moonstone* and *The Woman in White*, which are both literal masterpieces of sensational fiction. Indeed, the former is in my humble opinion the best story of its kind that was ever written. Its construction — if we except the inanities of Miss Clack, which are its only blot — is quite admirable; the reader's interest is kept at full tension throughout, without giving him that inkling of the dénouement of the tale, which so few writers fail to avoid; and the concluding chapter, where the disguised Oriental explorer sees in the forehead of the great idol of Somnauth 'the yellow diamond, whose splendor had last shone on him in England from the bosom of a woman's dress,' is unsurpassed in description or dramatic interest — the whole book is admirable. None the less, I believe *The Woman in White* was usually rated its superior; and reading his recently published *Letters* I see this was the opinion of so expert a critic as Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Yet, to me, great novel as it undoubtedly is, it lacks the artistic construction of *The Moonstone;* I venture to think that the experienced novel-reader will early begin to suspect the plot, and then, too, I can never forgive the rather commonplace hero for falling in love with the milk-and-water Laura instead of the magnificent Marian. But all the other characters in the book

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pale before the incomparable Fosco, — I love to write his name in capitals as he would have written it himself, — surely the most perfect, as the most attractive, of all that large family of foreign villains in fiction, of which he was to be the progenitor. One feels his personality in every line, and, like Marian Halcombe herself, has to admit to a secret liking for him.

I can remember first reading the book as a little boy 'on the sly,' — for in my young days sensational literature was not considered wholesome for young people, — and feeling a sneaking affection for a man who, despite his crimes, could lunch 'entirely off fruit tart and cream.' No; Fosco was an undoubted scoundrel, but the author contrived to make him a very attractive one. It is curious, no less than regrettable, that the reputation of so prolific a writer as Wilkie Collins should rest almost entirely on these two books, though they in themselves are surely a sufficient monument; for I cannot recall any of his others that repay reperusal.

This cannot, however, be said of the other great master of Victorian sensational — detestable word, but I can find no better — fiction, for there is scarcely one of Charles Reade's novels that does not attract. Of Reade it may be truly said that had he never produced but one book, and that his greatest, he would have ranked with the immortals. For *The Cloister and the Hearth* is no mere work of amusement; despite its unfailing humor it is a great book, great in its word-painting and construction, great in its evidence of scholarship and research, great in the truth it reveals. I suppose there are still people who read it, just as, although I never come across them, I suppose there are also people who read the Waverley Novels; but I believe Reade's minor works to be absolutely neglected.

And yet, what delightful books they are! I cannot name a more enthralling quartette of exciting novels than *Foul Play*, *Put Yourself in His Place*, *It Is Never Too Late to Mend*, and *Hard Cash*, and I would award the palm to the latter. Of its sort I know nothing finer in fiction, almost in literature, than the description of the fight between the Indiaman and the pirates in the Malacca Seas. But to appreciate thoroughly *Hard Cash* one should first read *Love Me Little, Love Me Long*, one of Reade's earliest works, not in the least sensational, but full of charm and humor, which tells how simple David Dodd won the beautiful Lucy Fountain against the heavy odds of position and wealth.

It must also be borne in mind that many of Reade's novels, notably three of those I have instanced, were written with the purpose of exposing evils: *Hard Cash*, that of the application of the Lunacy Laws; *Put Yourself in His Place*, as a protest against the tyranny of Trade Unionism; and *It Is Never Too Late to Mend*, to reveal the inhumanities of the prison life of the time; and I have always understood that in a great measure they achieved their purpose. Brave old Charles Reade! My heart goes out to the burly, blue-flannel-clad sage of Knightsbridge when I think of the pleasure his books still afford me.

And now let us leave the so-called sensational school of Victorian novelists, and turn to two, who, totally dissimilar in every other respect, had one striking point of resemblance — George John Whyte-Melville and William Black. Each wrote one novel far exceeding their others in merit — Whyte-Melville, *The Interpreter*, and Black, *Macleod of Dare*. But subsequently, having struck a vein that appealed to their public, they were wise, or foolish, enough to stick to it, until, as the for-

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mer said of his own writing, 'the brew was getting very weak.' Whyte-Melville is usually described as a 'sporting' novelist, a title from which I dissent. True, sport figures largely in nearly all his books; but how important a part does it not play in the life of the class of which, and for which, he wrote?

To me, Whyte-Melville is the novelist of Society — with a capital S. With a few exceptions his books deal entirely with the small section of the human race comprised in that expression, to which he belonged by birth and training, and of which he was such a popular member. Eton and the Guards are not calculated to turn out a novelist dealing with the hard facts of life, and when Whyte-Melville wrote of London Society, of the Season, the Row, Ascot, and so forth, he wisely wrote of a world he knew well. Perhaps he knew it a little too well. Himself a man of intense personal charm, he loved to depict his characters as the same, and many a young gentleman not actually *purpureo genitus*, whose preconceived ideas of Society were derived, as was so often the case, from a perusal of Whyte-Melville's novels, was both astonished and pained when he came to knock at its portals to find they did not at once swing open on the well-oiled hinges he had anticipated.

Yet all through Whyte-Melville's novels there runs a strong undercurrent of sadness, which plainly shows his own appreciation of the hollowness of the life of the butterflies he usually depicted — *Vanitas vanitatum*, is the more or less openly expressed moral of all his books. This is perhaps best shown in *Good For Nothing*, which he was popularly supposed to have written in friendly competition with 'Guy Livingstone' Lawrence, whose counter-effort was, if I remember rightly, *Barren Honour*. Poor Whyte-Melville! His books had a tremendous vogue in their day, yet I doubt if now even a fraction of the class to which they appeal ever troubles to read them. More's the pity.

The same can be said of William Black, a no less popular novelist of a rather later era. Had he maintained the standard of that really dramatic story, *Macleod of Dare*, his reputation might have been more lasting, but I do not think his popularity would have been so great. It was *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton* which first appealed to his public, — though the impossible Prussian lieutenant would scarcely go down with it now, — but it was the delightful *Princess of Thule*, which struck a deeper note, and which earned the approval of good Queen Victoria herself, that showed him where his forte lay and influenced most of his subsequent writing. For, having invented a dish which appealed to the popular palate, Black was Scotchman enough to appreciate its value, and served it up again and again under a different name, and always with success.

The recipe was of the simplest, but it required a man of genius to mix it. Take the loves of two attractive young persons of the upper middle class, invest them with the atmosphere of the Western Highlands, — on no account forgetting mention of the 'great red-funneled steamer' Clansman, — garnish on every other page with scraps of ballads of the Jacobite or Annie Laurie kind; introduce a taste of the respectable Metropolitan *Haute Bohème* of artists and musicians, not forgetting — with an eye to the Transatlantic market — to throw in a little American flavoring; season with scraps of salmon-fishing, mix well together with a spice of what passes for humor in the Highlands, bring all to a happy ending; and hey presto! the *plat* is smoking ready for the table. And very good fare it usually is, though I must admit that a

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good many of Black's novels do not bear reperusal.

Did space permit, I would fain touch on other novelists apparently as forgotten as those I have cited. If I have omitted Blackmore, it is because I believe that at all events *Lorna Doone* still commands a public; if Mrs. Oliphant, I have equally excluded Miss Mulock, yet *John Halifax, Gentleman* is one of the best of the early Victorian novels. Or to turn to an author still, I am glad to say, with us and productive, I doubt if many people are familiar with *Mademoiselle de Mersac* and *No New Thing*, yet of their class I do not know two novels better worth reading. Indeed, the former would rank very high indeed, if the author could have put a little restraint on his vein of persiflage, while Philip Marescalchi in the latter is almost the most perfect egotist of my acquaintance in fiction. It is a matter for regret that Mr. Norris has not maintained the same standard of excellence in his later books.

But perhaps of novels, as of tastes and colors, one should refrain from argument; what appeals to one man may not do so to his neighbor, and indeed I myself must plead guilty of irreverence toward some of the novelists usually accepted as immortal. I have, of course, read the Brontë novels, but have no desire to do so again; apart from *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*, George Eliot is without attraction for me, and some other celebrated authors leave me cold. *Tot homines, quot sententiæ;* but it is certainly pitiable that the lesser lights of the Victorian novelists should have become swamped in the vortex of sex-problem and Socialism, which are the mainstays of the popular or 'best selling' — a horrible metaphor! — writers of modern fiction. I can only hope that they are not so forgotten as I fear is the case, or that there are cycles of revolution in literary taste, and that they may come to their own again, as indeed appears to be the case with Jane Austen and Miss Ferrier.

It may be well that all fiction is ephemeral, and indeed I doubt whether any of my readers can truthfully claim to have perused *Don Quixote* from cover to cover, or whether anyone, save curious-minded schoolboys, ever reads Fielding or Smollett nowadays; yet I can name one minor Victorian novelist whose popularity, as far as it extends, appears imperishable. He wrote but few books and those only appealing to a small section of the community, and there are probably numbers of literary people who have never heard of, much less read, them. They exhibit no grace of style and are not free from a taint of vulgarity occasionally verging on coarseness; while the author, of whom it has been said with perhaps undue severity that he never depicted a gentleman, delighted in portraying the more sordid side of human nature. But though nearly seventy years have elapsed since the appearance of the most famous of his works, they are still as eagerly in demand as ever by the class to whom they appeal.

If proof of this assertion were demanded, I would in turn ask for the name of any other author, *reprints* of whose books, even granted the attraction of Leech's illustrations, still command their original price of issue of 15*s.* apiece; or if there be a country house in the United Kingdom where they are not to be found! How much this redounds to the culture of the class in question is a matter on which opinion may possibly be divided, but I defy anyone endowed with the slightest sense of humor to read them without appreciation. It is probably unnecessary for me to say that the author I have in mind is Robert Surtees, who, himself one of those smaller squires

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whose foibles he delighted in portraying, has left us a picture of country life and country folk that is as true of today as of the period of which he wrote.

No doubt the march of fashion may have refined his fox-hunters, though not a few of them still survive, especially in his own North of England, but his minor characters, his farmers and farm-laborers, his country servants, and publicans, and poachers are still true to type, and are to be found all over England. Even granted the semi-satirical vein of his style, no other author, not even Thomas Hardy nor Richard Jefferies, has ever depicted country people more faithfully; and on this account alone his books deserve a consideration that is not generally extended to them.

CASEY OF THE I. R. A.

BY AINDREIS BREATNAC

From the *Dublin Weekly Freeman, January* 6
(DUBLIN PRO-FREE STATE NEWSPAPER)

MILLORAN, County of X——, during the Irish War of Independence; or, to be more accurate, in the Year of Our Lord, 1920.

James Casey, the local schoolmaster, seated in the dining-room of his private residence adjoining the school, had just completed his dinner, and was about to light his pipe when his hand was stayed by an explosion, a terrific scream of agony, and, after an interval of a couple of seconds, volley upon volley of gunfire.

'My God! My God!' he exclaimed, jumping up. 'What on earth is the matter?'

Events developed with kaleidoscopic rapidity. He was dimly conscious of a squeal from his housekeeper, Mrs. Brannigan, who was hovering in the hall, when his door, which was on the latch, was burst violently open, and a former pupil of his, Tommy Muldoon, rushed in with a shotgun in his hand.

'Hide that!' he gasped, excitedly, thrusting the gun into the teacher's hand, who immediately dropped it with a bang on the floor.

'What, what!' stammered the teacher, half in indignation, half in consternation.

Tommy Muldoon vouchsafed no reply, unless one could interpret the swift banging of a door in the rear as such.

'The impertinent little brat!' exclaimed the teacher angrily; 'the impudence of him leaving a gun in my house!'

He stared at the gun in stupefaction, until Mrs. Brannigan brought him to his senses by crying out hoarsely: 'What 'll we do wud it, sir? The sojers are comin', and they 'll murdher us if they get it here.'

The teacher grabbed at the gun desperately, and looked wildly around for a hiding-place.

'My God, where 'll I put it, where 'll I put it?' he addressed excitedly to space. Rushing to the dining-room window, which was partly open, he noticed,

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with a sudden constriction of his heart, a squad of soldiers rushing in his gate; and with a gesture of despair he threw the gun into a privet bush growing just in front. It sank immediately and marvelously out of sight.

Taking a little courage from what he felt was a fortunate omen, he sought to pull himself together. He quickly retrieved his pipe, lighted it, and was lying back on his sofa, superficially at his ease, when the soldiers entered with a roar of 'Hands up!' With a definite feeling of calmness, suprising to himself, he complied. He found himself quietly replying to shouted accusations and crude insults by a series of indignant denials. No, he was n't a murderer or a harborer of murderers. He had not seen any murderer with a gun. No one with a gun had entered his house. He was sorry to be disbelieved, but he had seen no one with a gun. He had no guns either in the house or in a dump. He was willing to give them every facility in searching the house.

By this time other soldiers, without his permission, were ransacking the house from roof to floor, the crashing of furniture reverberating through every room. The appearance of an officer modified the flood of blasphemy directed at the teacher by a particularly filthy-tongued corporal.

'Found anything, corporal?' he curtly inquired, though with evident excitement. He was dabbing a rather gory handkerchief to a bloody jaw.

'Nothin' yet, Captain,' replied the corporal, with a scowl at the teacher.

'See that a thorough search is made, especially in the rear. Carry on, corporal.'

With a suave manner, more assumed than real, the Captain plied the teacher with questions, receiving his replies with thinly disguised disbelief, but superficial politeness. After a while he proffered some information on his own.

'Look!' he remarked, indicating his blood-spattered jaw, 'where the ruddy little swine pinked me! I was sitting beside the driver in the first lorry. It was just stopping when a dirty looking b—— rushed out of a lane with a shotgun, and fired point-blank at me. Buckshot, too! By a miracle I got only one piece, but the driver got the rest. He 's dead meat, I 'm afraid. In the momentary confusion he got away in this direction, but by God! we 'll get him. And when we do, I 'll cut the bowels out of the blighter. This is a serious matter for the village. It had a good reputation up to this, and unless it helps to get this hound it 's in for a hell of a time.'

The teacher listened with an appearance of sympathetic interest, but failed absolutely to identify the assailant, after the most detailed description was given by the Captain.

'A young man of that description,' assured the teacher, 'certainly never came under my observation. He must be a stranger to the district. It is very distressing.'

The officer seemed intensely annoyed, but a little later left with his party, making some veiled threats on his departure. Half an hour afterward, to the accompaniment of wild shooting, they left the village, carrying with them a half-dozen or so of its young men. Tommy Muldoon was not among them. He was then crouching among the rocks in the nearby hills exhausted to the dregs, overpowered by his emotions, which were an inextricable mixture of fear, sorrow, and a ruthless pride. In a dim way he realized that he had done a terrible, irrevocable, and decisive thing. He had. Tommy Muldoon with his solitary shot had opened up the Irish war of independence on the Milloran front.

James Casey at home was thinking of Tommy Muldoon in a way that would

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perhaps have astonished that young man. Mrs. Brannigan, when she had recovered from her excitement, nearly collapsed again when he reared up in anger at her indignation at all the trouble 'that young blaggard' had brought upon them.

'Say nothing against that boy,' he exclaimed almost with violence. 'He is following the gleam!'

He checked himself as with an effort and said no more, but Mrs. Brannigan's eyes followed him anxiously as he continued setting back to their places the disordered furniture.

'Strange talk,' she muttered. 'Ye 'd imagine he had a graw for the laxther, an' him a settled Gover'ment man an' coming forty. Ah! Those bachelors have a quare strain in them sometimes. And a shock brings it out.'

Sure enough thought was moving vitally in James. His mind was a conflict of emotions, each in turn rising out of the surge. Now and again certain vivid episodes and memories rushed to him out of the past, and he felt a thing that he had lost. The childish memory of his old Fenian grandfather, whose hatred of the Sassenach and fierce love of Ireland had seemed terrible, almost inexplicable, but glorious; things which had wasted him and brought him to a comparatively early death. The never-to-be-forgotten week of Easter, 1916, when Ireland, drugged almost to death, woke from her darkness by the ruthless agony of a little band of splendid youths that would not live and see her die. The interval of savagery and exhaustion, then again the mighty surge that made Ireland a camp of desperate, indomitable men and women who were prepared at all costs to resist to the death the press-gangs who would have them hurl themselves into a holocaust not of their making. The ebbing of the wave of self-sacrifice as the conscription menace passed, till now again only the bolder spirits marched along the rugged road that death had called her own.

James had captured something of the magic of all these things — a great flame had burst in his heart time after time, but somehow it had waned away again. The flippancies and everyday philosophy of his environment had thrown a cynical coating over those golden memories of childhood. His grandfather had, after all, been 'an old fool.' Easter Week had for a time purged him of his cynicism and he had thrown himself into the Volunteer movement, organizing, drilling, learning.

Everything that soldiers back on 'short leave' from the front could teach him, he sought — the use of the rifle, grenade, bomb, mine, and military methods. He sought for opportunities of driving every make of motor car and cycle. Around the period of the menace of conscription, the spirit of his old and ruthless grandfather seemed to have taken possession of him again. Then had come a gradual slackening. With conscription out of the way, the big local company of Volunteers began to dwindle slowly away. People began gradually to adopt an amused and patronizing attitude to the 'parades' of the few callow youths who still remained, till they ceased to obtrude their presence as a unit on the public at all. To all intents and purposes, the Milloran Volunteers ceased to exist as a weapon of even the most trivial local importance.

James Casey's fiery enthusiasm had given away before the general lethargy. He again became the sympathetic spectator, doubtful, and slightly cynical, devoting his time purely to his professional and social interests. With quickened feeling he noticed again the rising tide of English aggression, and the resulting stronger resistance of the

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people. The recrudescence of armed conflict, notably in Dublin and the extreme south, touched but slightly the imagination of Milloran, but the futility of it was almost universally recognized. James had acquiesced in the general opinion, but the shock of this terrible deed of Tommy Muldoon moved him to the depth of his soul. One moment he saw it as a horrible crime, and again as a glorious achievement. In the latter mood he saw his soul as a shrunken shadow beside the shining spirit of a little country lad.

Various visitors from the village dropped in during the course of the evening to discuss the epoch-marking event and bewail the consequences. By inference, James gathered that Tommy Muldoon was universally known to be the assailant, but there was no reference to his name. Of his meeting him, James never spoke a word.

When they had all gone, time and time again he had debated with himself what he should do with the gun. He could not bear the thought of destroying it, or casting it into a ditch. Stealing out in the night and burying it, perhaps under the observation of some of his neighbors, did not appeal to him either. Eventually he decided to leave it where it was till the early morning, when he would be able to attack the problem of its disposal with a fresher mind.

Close on midnight he awoke to a terrific pandemonium outside his house. The grunting of suddenly stopped motors, raucous shouting, and fusillades of shots made up a fiendish combination of sounds — pregnant with unnamable terrors. Jumping hastily out of his bed and pulling on his trousers, James rushed to the window. His house was already surrounded by a disorderly crowd of shrieking and cursing maniacs, some of whom were flashing their electric torches on every side, while others proceeded to smash in the doors and windows.

Semiparalyzed with fright, James looked out with all his soul in his eyes. With a certainty that was overwhelming, he felt that they had come to kill him, and yet he could not move from his post at the window. Even when he saw them brandishing exultantly a gun which they had dragged out of his privet bush it failed to arouse him. With a kind of fatalistic torpor he heard them plunging up the stairs to the accompaniment of shooting and blasphemy. He was scarcely conscious of the meaning of the yelled questions that they hurled at him and the kicks and buffets that rained on him from every side. Even when the burly, fiendish ruffian, who seemed the leader of the Black and Tans, pointed a revolver within an inch of his forehead and shouted 'Answer!' he remained dumb. Almost with a feeling of relief he heard the mighty explosion and was hurled into darkness.

How long he remained unconscious he could not tell, but when he awoke he found himself huddled in a corner of a lorry. Though his head and body ached horribly, his mind was calm and clear — intensely clear. With extraordinary care he strove to take in the situation. He was in the first lorry. Lolling carelessly in the front seat, smoking, was a driver. The engine was humming. Around his house, from which flames darted through every window, gesticulating figures moved hither and thither. Close by he heard an authoritative voice say to somebody: 'He 's not dead. The bullet slid along the side of his red skull. If he does n't deliver the goods on our way back we 'll finish the job.'

He knew that it was to him the terrible threat referred, but fear had left him. Within him arose an over-

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whelming passion to strike at them with all his might before they slew him. He must think of a plan. Suddenly his hand, groping around, came into contact with a number of round objects — Mill's bombs! A little heap of them lay behind him in a corner. Swiftly a new and desperate plan, whereby he might not only punish his enemy but attempt to escape, rushed into his mind.

With infinite precaution he took a grenade, and, clutching the lever on the side tightly in his right fist, pulled the pin. Gauging carefully the positions of the driver and the two men close to the lorry, whose conversation he had overheard, he leaped. Crashing the tightly held grenade at its bottom against the side-face of the driver he jumped into the seat beside him, and hurled the grenade, with released spring, at the two startled men. Before it had exploded with reverberating crash he had started the car and was rushing with express speed along the road toward Pulamore, amid a tornado of whistling shots.

He had gone a couple of miles before a groan from beside him made him realize that the driver was becoming conscious again. Immediately James felt, with a disengaged hand, for any arms that he might have on him. He was rewarded by finding a heavy revolver. For a moment, so ruthless was his mood, that he thought of firing into the groaning figure, but a glance at the contorted face and broken jaw roused his pity and he put the thought aside. Glancing behind he saw the dancing lights of the pursuing cars and, the instinct of self-preservation becoming uppermost again, he cast about as to his next move.

Suddenly he came to a decision — he would leave the car at the top of an incline farther on and make for the hills. Urgent and all as was his need, and scarcely fully realizing the reason, he looked searchingly around for some means of carrying off some grenades with him. Not finding anything, he, with some risk, reached over into the corner, and getting them singly stuffed two of them into his trousers pockets. In with them also he trickled all the revolver ammunition he found in the driver's pouch. He was by this time close to the incline, and slowing down as he reached the top he sprang out, the lorry gathering momentum as it rushed down the steep grade.

Plunging into the adjoining fields toward the hills, he went from cover to cover, scarcely pausing in his flight till he had left the road several miles behind him and was among the gigantic rocks that had been part of his southern horizon for many years. He was too exhausted for thought of anything but a feeling of intense relief, and he lay like a stone in heavy slumber till he awoke, with the sun gleaming in his eyes, and Tommy Muldoon gazing down at him with a look of terror in his face. 'Oh, Mr. Casey,' he almost sobbed, 'what has happened to you at all?'

It was a new Mr. Casey who sat up and grinned at Tommy.

'Hello, Tommy.' He spoke almost jauntily. 'Where 'd you come out of?'

'I saw you a good distance away as soon as I came out this morning,' replied Tommy; 'but I was afeard to come near for a long time. You 're all covered with blood, Mr. Casey.'

'So I am, Tommy,' he quietly remarked; then, with a grin, continued, 'but I 'm no longer mister to you, sir, but Jim or Casey, whichever you prefer. As the only official representative of the Milloran I.R.A. that I know is in active service against the common enemy, would you kindly attach me to your staff?'

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THE ENGLISH READING OF YOUNG JAPAN

BY E. E. SPEIGHT

[*Mr. Speight, whose poetry sometimes appears in A Page of Verse, is on the faculty of the Imperial University and Higher Normal School, Tokyo. He writes out of a long familiarity with Japanese youth, its problems and aspirations.*]

From the *Japan Advertiser, December* 17
(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

As the result of a few casual remarks I made to him the other day the editor let himself in for he knows not what by asking me to write straight out of my memory on this subject. His be the blame if what I write is a cross between a catalogue and a mouse from the mountain. For one's memory of over a dozen years of English teaching in Japan and the reading of myriads of essays is a terrible jumble. There is everything from the bright statement of the student who confessed to a liking for 'J. Kerome J.' and the 'Fun of the Lady of Wintermere,' to really remarkable theses on such subjects as Shakespeare's Tragedies and Pater's *Marius the Epicurean.*

By the way, I must just stop for a remark on the creative side of the purely verbal influence of the reading of English by Japanese students. We teachers are all familiar with startling instances of the happiest invention, by which our worn-out English vocabulary is gratefully and comfortingly replenished. With delight I put on record the word 'confusiasm,' which reached me only this week, a truly constructive effort, suggestive of a symbolic.

English is the medium through which Japanese readers obtain a great deal of their knowledge of world literature. For not only do they become familiar with such writers as Gogol, Anatole France, Sienkiewicz, D'Annunzio, Ibsen, Strindberg, Ellen Key, Cervantes, Dante and his fellow poets, Petronius, Sappho, and Homer in their English renderings, but much of their knowledge of the Indian classics of Buddhism is gained through our versions; and I know cases where Japanese professors of Chinese classics make free use in class of my old friend Dr. John Legge's translation. The modern wave of English and American interest in classical Chinese poetry has not yet reacted on Japanese education: the names of Arthur Waley, Cranmer Byng, Florence Ayscough, and Witter Bynner form a still remote constellation.

There are many Japanese who lament this dependence upon English. One said to me recently: 'It is a great disadvantage that the Japanese students have a partiality for the English language. There are only three middle schools at which they are taught a foreign language other than English: Gyosei Middle School for the French language, the Doitsu Kyokai Middle School, and the First Tokyo Middle School for German. All the other middle schools are for English.'

What my friend meant was that the Japanese people, being centrally situated in the world, and peculiarly susceptible to new movements of culture in East and West alike, ought

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to undergo the discipline of learning the language of the various literatures they read. He implied also, what many others have explicitly stated to me, that though the number of English books read in Japan exceeds that of books in any other European tongue, the interest of Japanese readers is divided among many literatures. Just as we in England have had to turn to the Reklam Bibliothek for our knowledge of many an out-of-the-way corner of the literary world.

The European literature that appeals most to Japanese readers is the Russian. I remember well a good instance of how we foreigners move like blindfolded men in this country. One day I spoke for an hour to a class about Sologub, telling them some of his stories, and advising them to read him. The same afternoon I was visiting an artist friend, and found on his table a Japanese book with Katakana in the title. I found that it was a Japanese translation of some short stories of Sologub, then in its sixth edition; and the translation had been made several years before any English translation appeared.

There are various reasons for this preference for Russian literature. With some of those given by my Japanese friends I cannot agree, but they have to be recorded. One is that the nature of the Japanese has nothing in common with that of Russians. 'The Russians are great fools, and Japanese small wise men.' Now even a superficial acquaintance with Russian literature and Japanese folklore gives us a number of points of resemblance in human nature, which would be increased greatly by a comparison which disregarded the apparent homogeneity of Japanese life and also regarded Russian life as a cosmos of which Russian literature has as yet revealed but a few sections through strangely diffracting lenses. What a relief it was when sunshine began to appear in that dark world as Kuprin's pen moved!

The impressive qualities of Russian literature as it is chiefly known to us, its enthralling subjectivity and its unforgettable handling of the rawest fragments of life, appeal in the same way to all civilized people. In some it causes extreme revulsion, in others sympathy is stirred as by nothing else ever written; we all of us surrender to the spell of its direct and stark sureness of rendering.

I shall never forget the earnestness of one of my pupils in the Foreign Language School in Tokyo, some years ago, who told me: 'Although I am a milk-deliverer now, I aspire after greatness, and have made eminence in the face of untold difficulties. After I graduate from this school I intend to go to Russia in view of studying the chaotic situation of that country. I have a special interest in her future greatness.

'I was thrown upon my own resources in my early boyhood, and awakened to the realities of life. I am now living in the strongest sense of reality. I am a strong spirit with colossal ambitions. If circumstances permit I want to devote my entire life to the study of the Russian nationality.'

Dostoevskii and De Maupassant, for sheer vital interest modern English or American literature has nothing to place beside them — that is the verdict of young Japan. But we must remember that it is the verdict of a class whose ablest types can also write of their fellows as follows: 'They have ceased to be content with books simply amusing, or rather ceased to be content with being amused by books. They are now informed with an imperious aspiration after the discovery of truth. They are hard attacking nearly every eminent author England has produced.

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I venture to affirm that from Chaucer to Hardy or Wells they have almost exhausted nearly all English writers.'

And yet, and yet — how little we hear of Foxe or Hakluyt, Webster or Dekker, Chapman or Ben Jonson, Thomas Fuller or Jeremy Taylor, Steele or George Berkeley, Horace Walpole or Boswell, Gilbert White, Landor, Melville, Froude, Lewis Carroll (though he is translated into Japanese, whoever performed the miracle), Fiona Macleod or Henry James. There are special reasons, of course, for most of these omissions.

What, then, are the students of Japan reading? Let me begin by another quotation from an essay written for me only a fortnight ago by Mr. P. K. Fujishima, one of my ablest pupils in the Imperial University: —

'Children nowadays are happier and richer in their emotional and intellectual life than the children of fifteen, ten, nay, even five years ago. In the literary history of Japan, there has never been such a time as the present when juvenile literature is in such vogue. More than a dozen children's magazines are published monthly; and if you count those books of tales and children's songs the number will be far beyond your expectation.

'Of course there were many children's books in the days when we were children. But they were not written with the same serious spirit with which the books of these days are written. . . . The present movement of juvenile literature has its significance in the fact that it opposes the amusement-first theory of the past. . . . Ask any children their favorite books, and their prompt answers will be *Grimm's Tales*, *Andersen's Tales*, *Cuore*, or the *Blue Bird*. Only a few children may not know the names of Hansel and Gretel. Still fewer may be those who do not know the names of Tyltyl and Mytyl. It will be more likely that they do not know the names of Urashima and Momotaro.

'What does all this mean? It means that the children of to-day are in contact with Western sentiment and thought earlier than we used to be. . . . And I am sure that when they grow up and read Western literature they will appreciate with much deeper insight and sympathy and their own literature will have many new aspects. Whether they will be enslaved to the influence of Western literature, or whether they will build a new national literature on the foundation of Western sentiment and thought is a question of great importance.'

Is not all this most interesting information corroborated, seized by our intuition every time we visit a kindergarten in Japan and see the little toddlers in their knitted sweaters playing their Western games? And there is a fact which Mr. Fujishima did not mention, though he implied it, and that is that all over Japan we now find young teachers who are taking a keen delight in going round the schools telling stories to the little ones — stories which they have eagerly translated or adapted from many foreign tongues. In this they are greatly helped by writers such as Mr. Iwaya Sazanami, who devote themselves to the preparation of books of such stories. When Topelius wrote of Sampo Lappelill in snowbound Finland, he little knew that he was writing for little ones in a far land of volcanoes.

All through the primary and middle school children are becoming familiarized with foreign literature, either in Japanese or English, special favorites being Æsop, the *Arabian Nights*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and various mythologies. When boys and girls enter higher schools they spend much time over both classics of England and works

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of mainly conversational value. I have seen a whole class of girls poring over Walter Pater, poor souls, as I have seen boys struggling with the intricacies of Burke. Mark Twain and Pickwick have gone through whole terms without evoking a smile, a ghastly experience never repeated. But books like De Amicis's *Cuore*, Gissing's short stories, stories from Greek mythology, Wordsworth, Whitman, and Hardy are firm favorites. Every now and then the horizon is extended by the issue of some author hitherto unknown. In this way Richard Jefferies, Emily Brontë, and a number of living English and American poets have just reached young Japan.

But the reading in high schools is but a limited affair, though supplemented by some private reading. Very many students possess the English Bible, far more than is known, and at this period of their lives they begin the formation of libraries in which the classics of various lands are to be found — Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Heine.

When they enter upon their university course the special and general reading of students is greatly extended. Often English and American weeklies and magazines are taken. Among my students I have had men with wide knowledge of Greek tragedy (through English translation and commentary), of Irish mythology and modern Irish literature, and others with interest in Indian literature, and even in Layamon.

I have examined university theses on Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Crabbe, Burns, Wordsworth, Keats, Blake, Shelley, Lamb, Thackeray, Carlyle, the Brownings and the Rossettis, Tennyson, Arnold, Pater, Wilde, Shaw, and Synge. And I have seen the special interest of individual students in the *Lais* of Marie de France, in M. Paul Claudel, in Schiller and Hauptmann, in Henry Vaughan, Bunyan, Scott's *Ivanhoe*, Poe, Thoreau, Emerson, Francis Thompson, Arthur Symons, Huneker, Walter de le Mare and 'A.E.'. One friend liked especially the Arizona poems of John Gould Fletcher. W. B. Yeats, Lord Dunsany, John Galsworthy, Conrad and Jack London are much read.

What a contrast this all is from forty years ago, when the late Mr. Fukuzawa introduced so much of Western culture. Then the chief books read were Parley's *Universal History*, Swinton's *Outline of History*, Macaulay's *Clive* and *Warren Hastings*, Smile's *Character*, *Self-help*, and so forth, and the works of J. S. Mill and Spencer.

If I were asked to name those English authors in whom I have seen the deepest and most sincere interest here in Japan I think I should answer: Wordsworth, Blake, Shelley, Whitman, and Thomas Hardy. Of all these, as in France, Belgium, Bohemia, and the English-speaking world, Whitman is by far the most dynamic influence. As in these countries, too, his poetry has become the stimulus to a whole world of formal and formless writing, characterizing an intensely interesting period of literary transition. The greater part of it will be forgotten in less than a generation, but there is much that we cannot let die, such as the maturer work of James Oppenheim, who is also making friends over here among the thoughtful. He, I mean, who has written such beautiful things as the 'Lonely Child' and the following lines: —

Who is the Runner in the Skies,
With her blowing scarf of stars,
And our earth and sun hovering like bees about
her blossoming heart?
Her feet are on the winds where space is deep;
Her eyes are nebulous and veiled;
She hurries through the night to a far lover.

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THE SHY FATHERS

BY Y. Y.

From the *New Statesman, December* 16
(Liberal Labor Weekly)

It is difficult to refuse a child's invitation, even when it is to attend the breaking-up ceremony at a school. At first I pleaded shyness; but my little niece said with a pout, 'That's what all the men say. Elizabeth says her father's shy, but she's simply going to make him come; and Ann's father says *he's* too shy, but Ann's going to make him come, too. Why should all the fathers be shy?' 'I don't know anything about the fathers,' I told her; 'I can only answer for the uncles.' 'Well, why should uncles be shy?'

That, I confess, bowled me out. 'Oh, well,' I said, 'I 'll come along with the shy fathers.'

I admit I should not have gone if I had not been sure that the shy fathers would have been there in considerable numbers. The thought of being present in a large schoolroom, with no other man present, in the midst of a throng of far from shy women and children, I find terrifying to the imagination. It is not that I dislike the company of women and children: on the whole, I think it is the best company in the world. But, as Bacon has said, a crowd is not company, and the loneliness of a man entirely surrounded by women and children surpasses even the loneliness of a man who finds himself alone in the middle of the Sahara.

Apart from this, however, I think there are several reasons for the shyness of fathers when they are pressed by their children to go to a breaking-up party at school. The average father, I suspect, is afraid of what his children's school friends may think of him. He knows that, by the grace of God, his own children do not see him as he is at all. They play games with him as with an equal. They laugh at least at some of his jokes. They appear at times to regard him as the richest, the bravest, and the cleverest man in the world. Has not one boasted of one's own father? I remember at the age of eight boasting to a bosom friend of the same age that my father was a multimillionaire. He had boastfully said that his father had a million pounds. I said that my father had three. And, for all I knew, it might have been true.

A child, indeed, is reluctant to believe that there may be fathers in the world superior in every way to its own. A friend of mine, an occasional writer of mediocre verse, was referring to some story about Blake the other day, when his ten-year-old daughter interrupted him to ask who Blake was. 'Oh, he was a genius — wrote "Tiger, tiger,"' said her father. 'Was he as big a genius as you?' inquired the little girl. 'Good gracious, you must n't call me a genius,' he told her. '*I* think you are,' she said, gently but firmly. 'Why,' he explained the situation, 'I could n't write "Tiger, tiger," if I lived to be a thousand.' 'I would rather have "Oh, Bonar, Bonar, why thus dishonor?"' she told him, quoting the first line of a set of perfectly atrocious political verses he had written.

Of such is the kingdom of Heaven. I do not, I may say, suggest that a father never sees the little waves of

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criticism stealing into his child's face, or that he has any reason to fear that his child is likely, for any long period of time, to mistake him for a god. He knows that the process of finding him out may be a slow one, but that it is cumulative and that it is sure. But he also knows that his child, as a rule, overestimates him in a way in which no other child would. That is why, when he is asked to submit himself to the critical eyes of his children's schoolfellows, he feels suddenly shy and apprehensive. No man may be able to add a cubit to his stature, but he has an uneasy suspicion that the eyes of other people's children may be able to take several cubits off.

Even so, I do not think that it is any injury to his own vanity that the shy father fears. After all, if other people's children do not like him, he can always avenge himself by disliking them twice as bitterly. It is really on his children's account that he feels shy. Being sentimental, he feels — or pretends to feel — that he is utterly unworthy to be the father of such wonderful children, and he shrinks from saddling them with such a second-rate parent in presence of their friends. He must look, he tells himself, an odd sort of fish; and though, heaven knows, all the other fathers of his acquaintance look as odd sorts of fish as you could wish to meet, still he does not like the notion of an odd sort of fish being seen in public as the father of these particular children. He would hate to see his children going to school in ridiculous clothes: he hates equally the thought of their going to school equipped with a ridiculous parent.

There is, I am told, no greater happiness known on earth than that of a father who, after a party to which his children's school friends have been invited, can lie back in his chair and tell himself that he did not behave so badly after all. It is always pleasant to pass an examination, but there is no examination which it is a more blessed relief to pass than an examination by one's children's friends. Fathers have told me of the nervousness they have seen in their children on such occasions — of the impatient expression they have observed on the little face that, at a joke that has no point or that has a point that nobody is able to see, tells them of the silent soliloquy: 'Daddy being silly again!' Pity the tremors of children for their fathers. Pity the tremors of fathers for themselves.

Happy is the child whose father acquits himself with credit in the presence of its friends. How delightful it was in one's childhood to see one's own father being a success in such trying circumstances! One cheered in one's soul as he, habitually a silent man, awoke out of his silence into the most fascinating conversationalist in the world, made jokes that were good jokes, and told stories of his experiences that were better than a book. There was no personal triumph to surpass the triumph of having such a father as this. To see the faces of one's friends brightening, made, I am sure, one's own face bright.

Some children, on the other hand, even children who are devoted to their fathers, accustom themselves from an early age to the knowledge that their fathers are imperfect creatures whose faults must be put up with as the decree of destiny. I knew one boy whose father, an excellent and interesting man, had the one fault of talking too much and of telling a story at twice the length at which it ought to have been told. The boy never showed the slightest irritation, as many boys would have done. When the father had lost his bearings in the middle of an apparently endless anecdote, the boy would merely say, with a smile, 'Ring off, governor!'

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and turn the conversation to another subject.

I cannot say that I set out for the school with any intention of making my small niece proud of me, but I was buoyed up by the hope that I would not actually disgrace her.

To see a play performed by small children, with a few footlights arranged on the floor in imitation of a theatre, is to feel that all that the saints have said about children is true. How exquisite are their voices that are all music without the harshness of experience! To listen to them is like listening to the first birds.

The feeling may not be a deep one, and may be only for the moment; but, for the time at least, we wish with a pang that life could always have remained like this, that nobody would ever grow up or die, but that the very kings and admirals and prime ministers and thieves and shopkeepers were all children.

After all, the gray-haired and the bald play their parts in almost as complete innocence of what they are doing as these children, who at least know that it is all a game. And, indeed, the contrast between a child of twelve and a grown-up human being is scarcely greater than the contrast between a child of five or six and a child of twelve. I had never realized the enormous gap between six and twelve till a band of little six-year-old dancers came on to the stage with solemn feet and solemn faces and went through their steps in the middle of a half-circle of girls, none of whom were older than twelve and none younger than ten. Kings, Puritans, cavaliers, mackerel-sellers, and cutpurses of twelve seemed six feet high in comparison with these midget elves. They, too, seemed infinitely small and of a perfect age when they were on the stage alone, but the children of six had only to appear in order to let us see that there was an age still nearer perfection.

Not that I should care to be dogmatic on this point. It may be only a passing ripple of sentimentalism that makes one wish that all the world were of so doll-like a stature as this, and that the very editor of the *Times* were a little fellow of six. There are others, perhaps, who would regard the little elf of six as a giant compared to the sleeping infant in the cradle — the infant in the comet stage, as Meredith saw it. The child in the cradle is, for many people, the eternal Sleeping Beauty, and, if one may judge by religious art, it is the age that to men of imagination has seemed most divine.

I confess I am content with six — nay, with seven, or eight, or nine, or ten, or eleven, or twelve. And perhaps there may be something to be said for any age up to sixteen, or even twenty, or, at a stretch, thirty; and if you advance the age to forty I shall not quarrel with you. There is, within these limits, no year that would not be better if it lasted at least three years; but I am not sure that, at the age of six, a year should not last ten.

It may be, of course, that if all these children, six and twelve alike, had not been doomed to grow old, I should not have been so moved at the spectacle of their grace and the sweet sound of their voices. And if I myself had remained at their age I might only have squabbled and seen some of them not as angels but with a hostile eye. Hence all may be for the best in the best of all possible worlds, and it may be that to be an uncle appears as wonderful a destiny to a little girl of ten as to be a little girl of ten seems to an uncle. In any case I shall tell my niece that I think the perfect age is not six, but ten. An uncle has only one duty — to make himself popular with his nephews and nieces.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BY A. C. BENSON

[*The Reed of Pan*]

LORD of the Harbor, remember and hearken,
Guard Archelaus in perilous seas.
Let not the flying wrack gather and darken,
Send a calm tide and a favoring breeze.

Lord of the Headland, with prayers unavailing
Grant us not vainly thy grace to implore,
Guard thou the convoy that soon shall be sailing,
Ships that are bound to the Pythian shore.

Singers, the servants and sons of Apollo,
Ye are his care who obey his behest;
Fair be your fortune, up anchor, and follow,
Cheerily follow the winds of the west.

TUTANKHAMEN

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

[*Public Opinion*]

A BEGGAR walked in front of me,
In ribboned rags, disastrously;

Mopping the puddled rain with pads
Long worn in guttered Iliads.

Halting, with eyes downcast, intent
Upon the splashing stones he went.

He heard me, and with lifted head
Waited my coming, as I said,

To ask an alms; but, as he turned,
His eyes with distant glory burned.

He did not ask an alms; he held
A finger up, and I was spelled.

He did not ask an alms; he said,
'The ancient honors all are sped.

'The ancient honors are all gone
That founded Rome and Babylon.

'These rags were once Arabia's boast;
I was a king, and am a ghost.

'The lifting of my hand was doom;
In Egypt they have found my tomb.'

He went, a beggar man again,
Into the shadows and the rain.

DELIA'S FAITH

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

[*To-Day*]

Go tell the shepherd's star, when first
The evening fans her spark awake,
That light is murderous and accurst —
But say not Delia faith can break.

Tell the wild rose, when tranquil days
Have charmed a thousand petals wide,
To-morrow scatters all her praise —
But say not Delia's kisses lied.

Swear anything that's monstrous, swear
That truth is a fantastic lie,
Take oath that Delia is not fair —
But oh, that she is false, deny.

FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

BY WALTER LEAF

[*Little Poems from the Greek: Second Series*]

GIVE me a mattress in the poop,
An awning round to catch the swoop
Of plashing, rattling sprays,
A stove of bricks with flame aglow,
A pot a-boil, where gurgling low
The empty bubbles play;

The cabin-boy to serve the meal
In napkin spread on deck of deal,
The skipper piping loud,
A game of pitch and toss to play —
Such luck was mine the other day;
I love the simple crowd.

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THE ETRUSCANS AND THEIR WEDDING CAKE

THOUGH the language of the ancient Etruscans is still meaningless to archæologists, Major Demiau, one of the leading students of this subject, believes that he has discovered a method which will ultimately enable him to read their writing. By prolonged study he has been able to make out the general sense of eleven columns of the Agram manuscript which was originally found wrapped around a mummy.

One column deals with the religious observances connected with the Etruscan marriage services. Two lines of this column the archæologist can translate word for word. They describe the preparation of the sacred cake which was the essential part of the Etruscan wedding, just as it later became in Roman marriage services. Archæologists will probably regret that something less trifling was not obtained, but the less learned are likely to find the wedding cake of the Etruscans about as interesting as anything else concerning them.

The manuscript is written in letters somewhat resembling some of the Greek alphabet, and the letters themselves are not difficult to decipher, but most of the words remain meaningless.

Writing in *L'Écho de Paris*, Raoul Saint-Clair gives the following account of Major Demiau's discovery: —

'The origin and the language of the Etruscan people, who for ten centuries dominated Italy and occupied on one coast Corsica and Sardinia and on the other territory lying to the east of the Adriatic, have hitherto remained an undecipherable enigma both for ethnologists and for students of language. Were they Lydians who had emigrated, as Herodotus believed? Did they, on the other hand, come from the North, and had they been pushed down by the men who in the eleventh century before our era drove many peoples to migrate from the North toward the South? And did they then arrive in Lombardy after crossing the Alps at the same time as the Italiotes, as Niebuhr supposed? Nobody knows; and this uncertainty is mainly due to our complete ignorance of their language.

'It is easy enough to recognize as Etruscan the numerous inscriptions that have been found, because the Etruscans used letters that were borrowed from the Phœnicians and the ancient Greeks. It is even probable, it may be said in passing, that it was through the agency of the Etruscans that the Greek characters were transmitted to the Latins, for we observe in Etruscan inscriptions certain changes in the Greek letters that were also written by the Latins. Thus the *delta*, *gamma*, *lambda*, and the *sigma* of the Greeks assumed in Etruscan the form of the *D*, *G*, *L*, and *S* used by the Latins. Moreover, the Etruscans began by writing boustrophedon — a fact readily determined because certain letters are turned sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left, which is an infallible indication of this kind of writing.

'But if the Etruscans borrowed their written characters from the neighbors with whom they did business, they did not succeed in imposing their language upon those whom they conquered, and this language disappeared with them. No one has found a bilingual inscription of any importance,

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such as was found for the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and it is to be feared that the problem will be solved only with difficulty, if it is ever solved at all. All that we know of the Etruscans has been learned through the ancient authors who knew them. They were a warlike and commercial people, who subjugated the Umbrians, the Ligurians, and the other people of central Italy. They were hardy sailors, and transformed the Adriatic into an Etruscan sea. Gifted with a delicate artistic sense, they excelled in architecture, sculpture, painting, metallurgy, and jewelry. They undertook great public works, built dikes and drains of which important remains still exist throughout the peninsula. They introduced into Italy and carried to a high degree of perfection the Greek and Phœnician civilizations. They struggled against the Celts to the North and the Greeks to the South.

'But the founding of Rome put an end to their power. From that moment they disappeared as a national entity and melted into the new empire — not without having transmitted to the Romans the greater part of their political and social institutions and the essential portions of their mythology. The Etruscans had composed annals from which the Emperor Claudius drew material enough for twenty volumes. Unfortunately the text of these annals is lost, and that loss is as serious for students of ancient history, if we keep our proportions right, as the burning of the Alexandrian library is for other students. It would have been easy enough by comparing the two texts to work out the Etruscan copied into Latin.

'The most important linguistic monument that we have from the Etruscans is what is called the Agram manuscript. It is a long fragment, written on bands that had once served to wrap a mummy, now in the Museum of the Croatian capital. Discovered in 1892, it was published the same year by the Austrian professor Krall at Vienna. It consists of more than two hundred lines divided into twelve columns. The French philologist Breal undertook its study, and felt able to state that the Etruscan language did not belong to any Indo-European group. He succeeded, moreover, in working out several names and some numbers, but he could not discover either the sense of the words or the grammatical structure of the language.

'More recently the study of the manuscript at Agram has been taken up by Commandant Demiau, who has made it the subject of two communications to the *Académie des inscriptions et belles-lettres*, which are of the highest interest. Major Demiau, with whom I have been able to discuss his investigations, does not pretend to have discovered the key to the Etruscan language.

'"I do not pretend," he told me, "to have worked out a complete solution of the problem, but I think I have found the direction in which we can work to advantage. This is the situation. Restricting myself to the text of the manuscript at Agram, and leaving aside whatever I think I may be able to get from other inscriptions, I hope to be in a position from now on, first, to give the general sense of the eleven columns at Agram, to tell what they are talking about and actually to translate several passages of from two to four lines; second, to be able to follow more closely the text of the tenth column, which I believe relates to religious ceremonies connected with Etruscan marriage customs. Third, to interpret word for word a little less than two lines of this column in which we are given the composition of the sacred cake, a ceremony which seems

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to have played the same essential symbolic part in the Etruscan marriage that it did in the Roman ceremonies."

'Commandant Demiau is continuing his investigations. If he is not mistaken, and if, as I believe after having heard him, he is on the track of an Etruscan discovery, he will have rendered most remarkable service to the sciences of ethnology, linguistics, and history.'

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THE CENTENARY OF THE CAB

A HUNDRED years have seen the introduction and the practical disappearance of the cab, and although the London *Daily Telegraph* urges all good Londoners to celebrate the centenary of that useful vehicle this spring it is doubtful whether there will be any noticeable enthusiasm in our age of gasoline. Newspapers of April, 1823, informed their readers that 'cabriolets' were to be introduced in honor of His Majesty's birthday. The new conveyances came from Paris, and their full name was '*cabriolets de place*.'

Hackney coaches, however, existed in London long before this time, for according to the *Telegraph* references to them run as far back as 1639. A few years after that date as many as twenty are mentioned at a time.

It is amusing to reflect that the rapidly increasing use of the coach was the occasion of almost as much disturbance to the authorities of long ago as the pressure of motor traffic is to those of our day. In 1601 the English Parliament was dealing with a bill to 'restrain the excessive use of coaches.' King James I feared that they would ruin the roads. Pope Pius IV urged his Cardinals to avoid the luxury of coaches and ride on horseback. In London tradesmen complained that people in carriages would not stop to go shopping as pedestrians would. Householders — whose ears for three hundred years to come would be spared the noise of the motor horn — complained of the noise of the carriage; and the watermen of the Thames cried out in horror at these 'hellcart-coaches' which speedily outnumbered their wherries.

There were three hundred in London by the time of the Restoration of King Charles II — the occasion on which Mr. Pepys contrived to procure a new and illicit hackney-coach in spite of the royal proclamation against them. When George III came to the throne, the number had increased to a thousand. These, however, were all heavy vehicles, and it was probably their clumsiness that made the lighter and swifter cab so popular on its introduction.

The *Telegraph* laments the passing of the word 'cabby,' which it says is hardly heard in modern London. 'We know nothing but the taxi, and the grim sound of the word is true to the spirit of the thing. A hansom was a pleasure. A taxi is business.'

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THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL

THE Salzburger Festspielhausgemeinde, of Vienna, is making preparations for its fourth season. This year's Festival is to be held in August. Dr. Richard Strauss, who has become president of the association, will direct the music together with Franz Schalk. Max Reinhardt will direct the dramatic portion of the Festival, and Alfred Roller, designer for the Vienna State Opera, will provide the stage settings. Opera by Mozart and Strauss — the living composer being especially fond of the music of his classic predecessor — and mystery plays by Hugo von

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Hofmannsthal will be the chief objects of the association's endeavors. The Philharmonic Orchestra of Vienna will be engaged for the operas and will also give a number of independent concerts.

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MUSIC IN THE BALKANS

OPERA and drama are flourishing in Belgrade, according to Mr. Thomas F. Dunhill, an English musician who has just returned from a tour as guest conductor there, but symphonic music is little known. In fact, Mr. Dunhill says frankly that the opera in Belgrade is ahead of opera in London — a daring statement when one considers the relative rank of the two cities. Serbian opera is under state control and the Belgrade Opera House has a good orchestra and an excellent company of singers, actors, and dancers. Mr. Dunhill witnessed performances of Smetana's *Bartered Bride*, of *Tosca*, and of *Mignon*, all three of which appeared to have been sung in Serbian.

Two excellent choruses have been organized in the Yugoslav capital, and are devoting a good deal of attention to the old Serbian folk-melodies, many of which were collected by Steva Mokranjac, a composer who died not long ago and who devoted a good deal of his life to collecting the popular music, much as in the earlier days of the nineteenth century Karajitch gathered the old ballads.

Serbian military music is apparently on a fairly high plane. The band of the Royal Guard is a full orchestra rather than a band, consisting as it does of one hundred performers, of whom forty are strings. This orchestra was placed at Mr. Dunhill's disposal through the courtesy of the conductor, Major Pokorny, and under the guest conductor's baton they gave a programme of British music, almost the first that had been heard in the Balkans. However, the preponderance of the brass instruments was so overpowering that Mr. Dunhill was compelled to weed out some of his best players in order to give the strings and wood winds a fair chance. Mr. Dunhill found the Serbian violinists less skilled than those of larger and musically older countries, and rather perplexed by the complex modern music that he put before them. But as he says, 'In the end they made a brave showing.' Very oddly, the weakest part of the band was the percussion instruments. The Serbian musicians use a diminutive side-drum which is quite incapable of replacing the kettle drum in orchestral music.

Mr. Dunhill was somewhat aghast at the Serbian rehearsal, which begins at eight o'clock in the morning and goes on steadily until two in the afternoon — an almost superhuman strain on the performers. His programme consisted of 'The Wasps' by Vaughan Williams, Elgar's 'Variations,' Grainger's 'Mock Morris,' violin solos played by Bratza, Gardiner's 'Shepherd Fennel's Dance,' Holst's 'Street of the Ouled Nails,' and his own music. The British concert had a very large house and was enthusiastically received.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Stories, Dreams, and Allegories, by Olive Schreiner. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1923. $1.75.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

In the preface to Olive Schreiner's *Stories, Dreams, and Allegories* Mr. Conwright-Schreiner tells us that this volume contains all of his wife's imaginative writings which have not been published before, except 'at least one novel to appear later.' This is a hard saying. Does he mean that there is more than one novel written, though only one may be published? With two or three exceptions these pieces seem all to be early work, written between thirty and forty years ago, in the days before Olive Schreiner had made her reputation. But they all show very clearly, even the earliest, the mark of her earnest and beautiful spirit.

The first and longest of the five stories is the latest in date. Its title is 'Eighteen-Ninety-Nine,' and it is a story, very simple and beautifully told, of the sorrows brought by the wars of South Africa. 'The Buddhist Priest's Wife' and 'On the Banks of a Full River' are fragments, the second literally so, for a number of pages of the manuscript are missing. They are both on the same subject, the soul and purpose of woman's love. The first of the two, written in 1881, has a rare and gentle wisdom. The two remaining stories are for children and were written when Olive Schreiner was herself a girl. They are interesting by their touch of originality, showing already the bent of her mind. In one she is trying to get away from the conventional idea of the cruel stepmother, and the other is the story of a little dog who went in search of someone to love him.

A Sheaf of Papers, by Oliver Elton, King Alfred Professor of English Literature. 6*s.* 6*d.* net. Liverpool: University Press; London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1923.

[*Morning Post*]

It is always a pleasure to open a new volume of Professor Oliver Elton's literary criticisms. It is not only that he has such wide standards of comparison, and such receptiveness to emotions. He also possesses in a conspicuous degree that quality so rare in literary critics — urbanity. He is never the partisan of a school or theory, in a rage to set the world to rights. He is concerned only to convey to others those æsthetic experiences which he himself has enjoyed, without any air of speaking the final word. Except for his scholarship, the reader would not suspect him of being a professor. Rather, indeed, is he to be suspected of taking joy in his tasks; of being such as would make literature his hobby if it were not his professional occupation.

This *Sheaf of Papers* which is now collected, has been the material of reviews in the Quarterlies, and of popular lectures. It is of very various range, from discussions of Hamlet and Milton to the Poems of Kolstov and Fet; and it includes a study of 'English Prose Numbers,' from which Professor Elton would warn the unwary by describing it as 'of a technical character.' All are delightful for their own sake, and for the graciousness of their style.

The London County Council Survey of London. Vol. VIII. St. Leonard, Shoreditch. London: Batsford. 22*s.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

The great task undertaken by the London County Council of compiling a record of the historical buildings of London has now been in progress for twenty-two years. Begun in 1900 with a volume on Bromley-by-Bow, six others and a score of monographs had been published by the beginning of last year, when we noticed some of the more interesting features of this work. We have now to welcome an eighth volume, devoted to the parish of Shoreditch. Like its predecessors, it describes all buildings of interest dating from before the year 1800, though an exception is made in favor of the Shoreditch Technical Institute, formerly Aske's Almshouses, built in 1825. The present volume differs also a little in plan from the others, as it contains instead of the usual historical and biographical notes an historical introduction, the work of Mr. W. W. Braines.

Keats: A Study in Development, by Hugh I'Anson Fausset. London: Secker, 1923. 6*s.*

[*Saturday Review*]

A little more than forty years ago, when the apologetic attitude toward the poetry of Keats had finally given place to a recognition of the commanding genius it displays, the text began to be examined with that close attention which is only given to a classic. The centenary of Keats's death last year naturally redoubled the zeal of annotators, and was the occasion of much useful and conscientious criticism. To this body of work Mr. Fausset now adds a little monograph which claims respectful attention.

In considering a study devoted to a subject so limited in size and already so searchingly exam-

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ined, it is natural that our first inquiry must be: What that is new has the writer produced? Mr. Fausset's own claim is that he has discovered in the work of Keats 'a very logical and significant development from sensationalism to vision and from idealization to idealism.' He has traced the central principle which, he believes, inspired this great poet to effort after effort, until he happily realized, before he ceased to have physical power to write any longer, 'the central truth of life.'

It will be apparent that the aim of Mr. Fausset is metaphysical rather than æsthetic, and in this he differs from those who, like the present Poet Laureate and Mr. Mackail, have chiefly seen in Keats the matchless artist. We find no fault with Mr. Fausset for this, which indeed tends to illuminate the noble figure from a fresh and unhackneyed point of view. But, like many other students of Keats, something in the nature of the poet, and in the splendor of his intuitions, tempts Mr. Fausset to a certain dogmatism.

The Early Ceramic Wares of China, by A. L. Hetherington. London: Benn Brothers, 1922. 63*s.*

[Bohun Lynch in *London Mercury*]

WHAT, in ordinary language, we loosely call 'china' has been imported from the East since the sixteenth century; though it was n't until the reign of Queen Anne that Chinese porcelain was largely seen in this country. Later, we find Dr. Johnson writing anonymously to *The Idler*, as a husband complaining that his wife fills every cupboard and corner with fresh acquisitions of 'blue and white.' Then in the seventies of last century, when good taste became fashionable once more, Nankin ware was more ardently sought after than ever, as we see in the caricature of Whistler and Carlyle in Mr. Beerbohm's *Rossetti and His Circle*. The average collector has, for many years, contented himself with the humbler and later varieties of Chinese porcelain, mixing it — often disastrously enough — with Viennese forgeries (which before the war were extremely common) and with wares from our own factories of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The trouble with antique-collecting of any kind is, however, that as you grow more proficient your taste automatically improves, until only the rarest and the finest examples satisfy you. Hitherto very little attention has been paid to early Chinese Ceramics. This industry in Cathay has an unbroken tradition of nearly three thousand years. 'There must have been hundreds of factories at work in the prosperous periods, and out of these we have practical knowledge of about a dozen only.' The chapters of this book are arranged according to dynasties, while the author's notes upon marks and inscriptions deserve the closest study. He has given, too, an exhaustive glossary of Chinese terms, with the native script plainly reproduced alongside.

Silas Braunton, by J. Mills Whitham. London: Allen and Unwin, 1923. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[H. C. Harwood in the *Outlook*]

Silas Braunton is a large, intelligent, and ambitious novel which, unhappily, very few will be able to read to the end without twinges of impatience. It is the picture of a farmer who so violently reacts from the dreamy inefficiency of his boyhood as to expel from his bosom all feeling except a coarse ambition. He casts off his wife, ruins his neighbors, adds field to field. Love at length returns to him, and failure in that love breaks him forever. Not the gloom, but the monotony of the book becomes oppressive when the admirable, feckless dairymaid leaves the scene, because Silas himself has too little of humanity to move us to pity or to fear, his wife is nearly imbecile, and none of the workers on the farm, the dairymaid excepted, is more than lightly sketched.

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BOOKS ANNOUNCED

HARRISON, FREDERIC. *De Senectute: More Last Words.* London: Fisher Unwin. A collection of essays and papers revised for reissue in permanent form — apparently the author's last literary labor. The essays are partly reminiscences of Victorian days and partly historical and literary criticism.

WARD, SIR A. W. (Editor). *The Cambridge History of British Foreign Policy*, 1783–1919.

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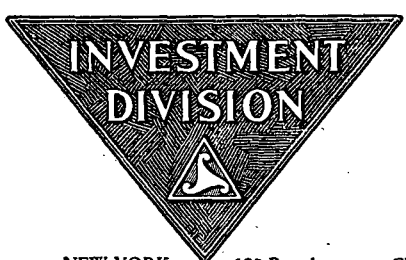

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